JUNE 16, 1989 $1.95

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NATIONAL REVIEW

BILL BENNETT:
DRUG CZAR IN SEARCH OF A THRONE

By William McGurn

MILTON FRIEDMAN ADVISES UNCLE SAM: DON'T DO SOMETHING, JUST STAND THERE

ETHICS IN AMERICA: JUSTICE AND THE INFIELD-FLY RULE

By Hadley Arkes

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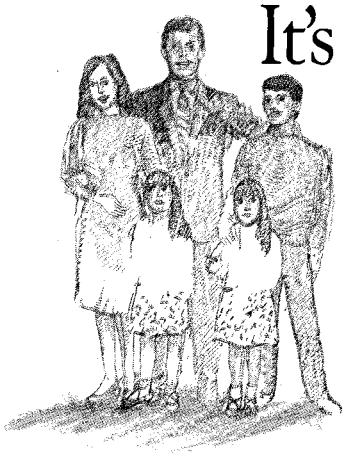

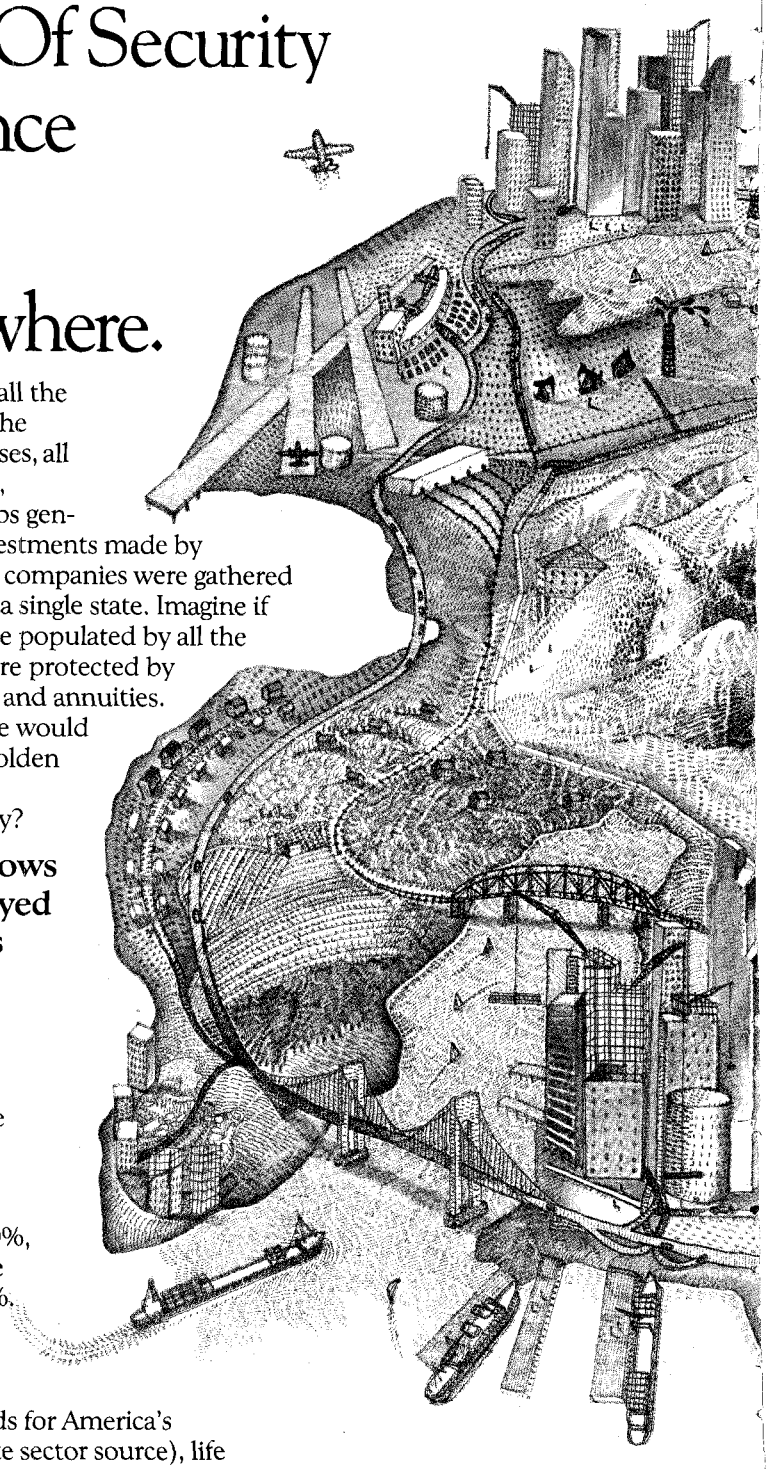

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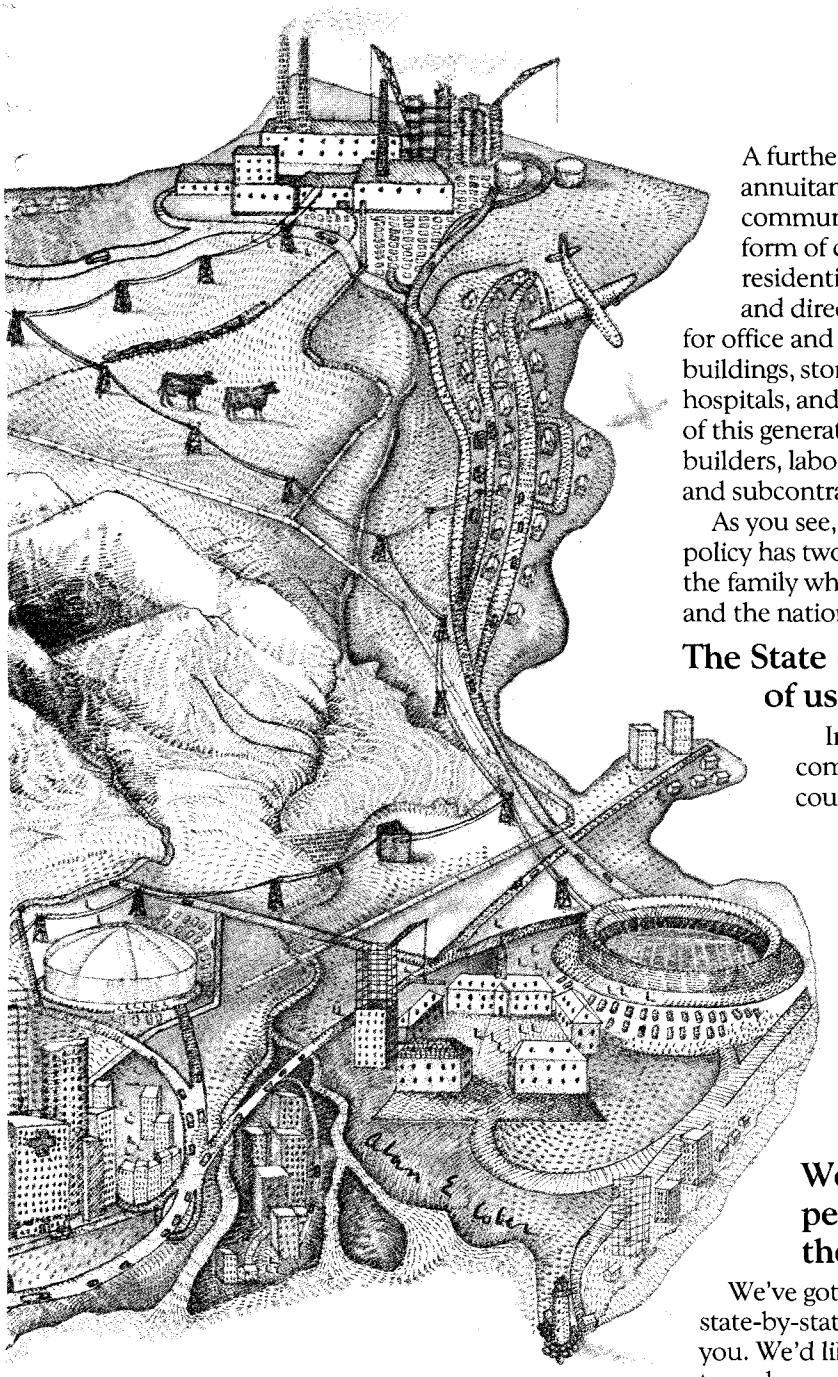

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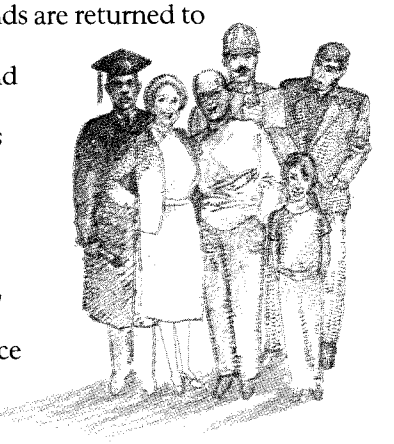

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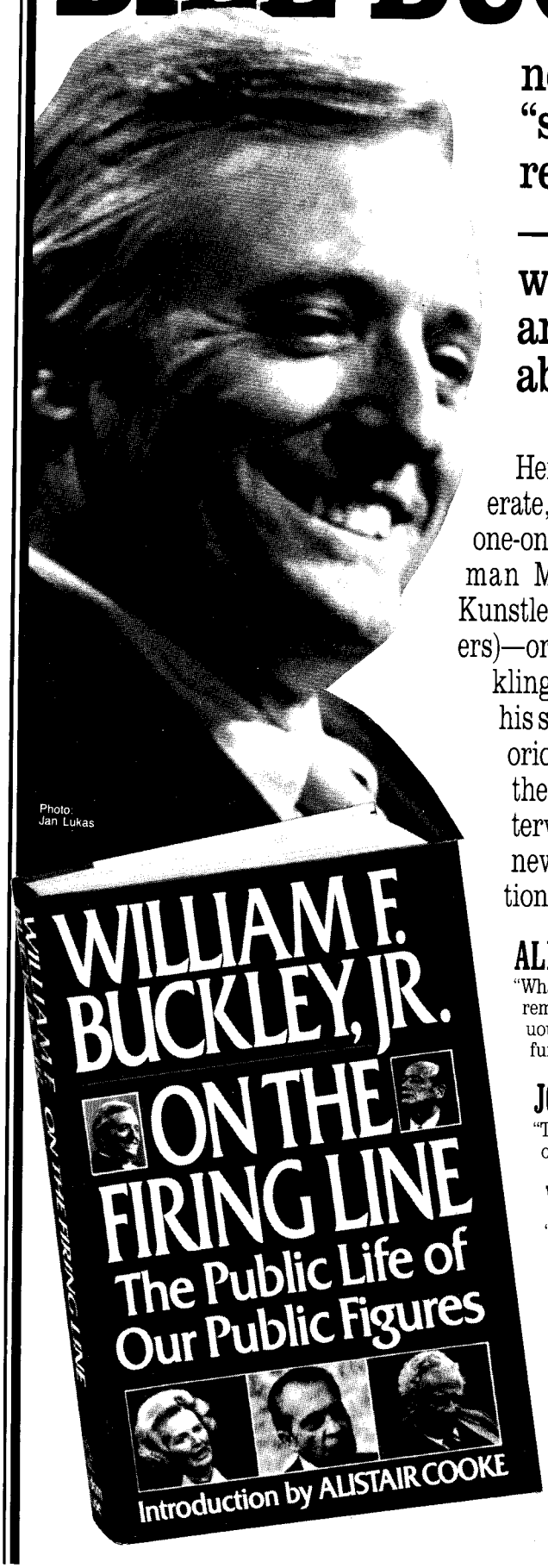

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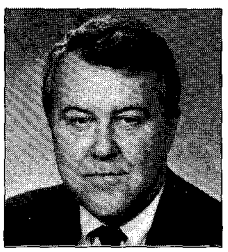
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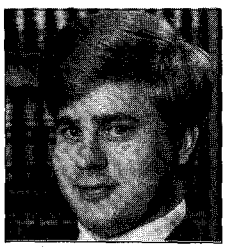
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LETTERS

Modernism as Warmonger?

Hugh Kenner, in his review of Modris Eksteins's *Rites of Spring* ["Spring-Summer Books," June 2], seems to have lost his sense of humor—a humor with which he ordinarily devastates fools gladly. Worse still, he seems to have lost his ability to read a text. Mr. Kenner pretends to miss the point; and when he fumbles his way through to the distant light at the end of the chapter he discovers that Modernism was the cause of World War I. Though Eksteins's argument is mannered and muddy, I do not think that this is what he is arguing. Moreover, he is not attacking and denigrating the aesthetic achievement of literary and artistic-cultural Modernism.

The argument is not that literary and cultural Modernism caused World War I, but rather that both aesthetic and political Modernism stem from the same urge to destroy traditional culture (what Ezra Pound derisively called "kulchur" and "an old bitch gone in the teeth") and replace it with a Modernist creation of the primitive ego. The new man is to be born out of the ashes of the past, the new art to be created from the depths of a new primitive myth.

The notion of ontic revolt is not an idea recently invented by historians and social philosophers. Lionel Trilling observed: "I venture to say that the idea of losing oneself to experience without regard to self-interest or morality, escaping wholly from the societal bonds, is an 'element' in the mind of every modern person who dares to think of what Arnold in his unaffected Victorian way called fullness of spiritual perfection."

The revolt against ontology is a revolt against all limits, all norms. It is, indeed, primitive, but "the barbarism of reflection" rather than that of the primitive wholeness of the first age. Daniel Bell put it succinctly in his Hobhouse lecture of 1977: "The theme of Modernism was the word 'beyond'; beyond nature, beyond culture, beyond tragedy—that was where the self-infinitizing spirit was driving the radical self."

It was this spirit that literary and artistic-cultural Modernism had in common with political Modernism. World War I and the ideologies reflect this spirit no less than the poetry of Pound or the ballets of Stravinsky-Diaghilev. Eksteins's book is a poorly constructed historical argument elucidating an important thesis. In the Post-Modernist era in which we live, it is important to understand what Modernism was. Hugh Kenner has provided us with an indispensable understanding of English Modernist literature. He is, however, a poor guide to the values of Modernism and their consequences.

Stephen J. Tonsor
Professor of History
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Hit 'Em Where It Hertz

Dinesh D'Souza nails me ["What Ever Happened to Neoliberalism?" June 2] for saying last summer that it was going to be hard for Bush to depict Dukakis as a knee-jerk government-spending advocate and as a cultural radical. I was wrong. It was easy for Bush to so depict Dukakis. But this does not change the fact that Dukakis was neither of these things.

Hendrik Hertzberg
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

Justice by Junior

Apart from the special problems of the current crop of octogenarians serving on the Supreme Court, Terry Eastland ["While Justice Sleeps," April 21] has put his finger on a widespread difficulty that afflicts appellate courts all over the country. The growing caseload—exacerbated by a tidal wave of junk appeals, i.e., appeals that are not quite frivolous, but are of no discernible merit either—has placed such burdens on appellate judges that they are compelled to resort to assistance by non-judicial personnel. The traditional use of recent law-school graduates as judges' "elbow clerks" has been supplemented by the hiring of permanent "research attorneys" who work either for specific appellate judges or as the courts' "central staff." Beyond that, there are now "externs." These are law students who perform a variety of tasks for judges, including the drafting of opinions.

This is deadly serious business. Important appellate cases are too often decided by an assembly-line process, which involves unskilled or inexperienced functionaries as participants. At least a judge who sets out to write an opinion intended to reach a desired result, and

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who discovers in the process that the opinion "won't write"—that existing legal principles and precedents pose an intellectually insurmountable obstacle to the desired result—may, if he is honest with himself, reconsider and urge his colleagues to do likewise. But a lowly clerk or extern, who has been given marching orders by a judge to draft an opinion reaching the result required by the court's vote, is unlikely to challenge the revealed judicial wisdom and tell his employer that he and his distinguished brethren are wrong. This creates unfortunate incentives to draft court opinions that distort the facts, twist contentions of the litigants, and create conflicts and anomalies in the law. It is thus hardly surprising to witness an ongoing substitution of personal and ideological idiosyncrasies for legal analysis.

What can be done about it? Not much, unless litigation ceases to be the growth industry that it is. Until then, I suggest that we not hold our breath, and that we reflect on the wisdom of the aphorism that in order to enjoy them most, one should not inquire too closely into the makings of sausages and laws.

Gideon Kanner
Professor of Law
Loyola Law School
Los Angeles, Calif.

Operation: SMILE

Natalya Negoda has a point ["The Week," May 19]. Smiling is not the natural mien of man. Why, then, do Americans smile so much? My guess is subliminal suggestions being released into the air by the CIA to make us appear happier before the world. This may, however, be causing damage to the ozone layer.

J. G. Nelson
Pompano Beach, Fla.

The Hour Has Passed

In *The Second World War* Churchill remarks that "It has been well said, that wherever there are three Jews, there are at least two prime ministers, and one leader of the opposition." In "The Proposition Is Peace" ["Books, Arts & Manners," May 5], Joe Sobran has at last discovered the leader of the opposition he has been looking for, and who agrees with him on the question of Israel's relinquishing control of Judea, Samaria and Gaza. In Yehoshafat Harkabi, author of *Israel's Fateful Hour*, he has found someone who once "sought to warn Israelis that the Arab forces were quite serious about wanting to wipe Israel off the map," but who now says "he's convinced the Arabs have [changed]."

Unfortunately, Sobran does not bring forward a word of evidence—only Harkabi's opinions—to support the thesis that the Arabs have changed. One wonders why, if the Arabs have indeed changed, every Arab government except Egypt's remains at war with Israel. One also wonders why the Arabs, while speaking in a new and moderate voice to the Western press, continue in the Arabic press to speak unvaryingly of their intention to destroy Israel. Mortimer Zuckerman, writing in *U.S. News & World Report*, May 1, 1989, noted that "the 'new' Arafat [had recently] said of the moderate mayor of Bethlehem, Elias Freij: 'Whoever thinks of stopping the *intifada* . . . I will give them ten bullets in the chest.' " Zuckerman continued:

> It was the new Arafat, again, who recently said he is not seeking the peace of compromise, but the peace of Saladin. . . . This month on BBC Arabic Service, Farouk Kaddoumi, the designated PLO foreign minister, said: "The recovery of a part of our soil will not cause us to forsake our Palestinian land . . . We will pitch our tents in those places our bullets can reach." The chairman of the PLO parliament in late December: "We also aspire for [all of Palestine]. However, in light of the current international political state of affairs, we are working within available possibilities," and "afterwards we will demand more." And from Zayid Wahba, Arafat's Fatah commander in Lebanon, in *as-Safir* in January 1989: "When we call for the establishment of a Palestinian state on any part of the land of Palestine—that does not mean we have relinquished our historic rights in all of Palestine."

There is much in Sobran's review of Harkabi's polemics against "Israeli ideologies that impede accurate perceptions of the Arabs." But there is nothing at all to refute the perceptions of the Arabs drawn from what they themselves actually say.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

Strange—when it comes to anti-Communist Israel, some conservatives are in lockstep with the Left. Joseph Sobran relies on the flawed book of ex-General Harkabi, who opposes the Likud Party and "the Jabotinsky-Begin ethos." Ze'ev Jabotinsky was an ardent supporter of (ugh!) capitalism and argued it was time for the Jews to start defending themselves. Mind you, he died in 1940, when neither capitalism nor the Jews were doing too well. In short, Jabotinsky is similar to another scourge of the Left, circa 1980, Ronald Reagan. As for Mr. Begin, he is a rational man who took a chance for peace at Camp David.

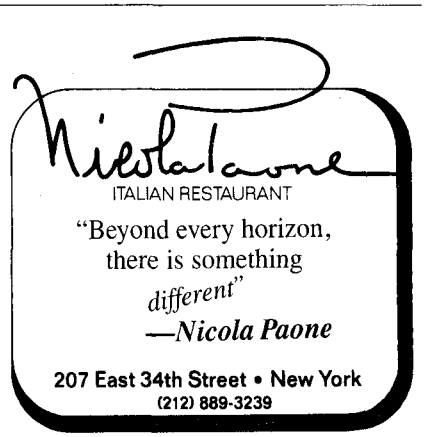
True, as Mr. Harkabi notes, there are extremists in Israel, but Mr. Sobran should have noted that the likes of Meir Kahane were expelled from the Knesset with the blessings of the Likud Party.

If, as Mr. Sobran asserts, the Arabs are now rational and peace-minded, how can he explain the bloodbath destroying Lebanon, the gassing of Kurds by the Iraqis, and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Christian blacks by the Sudanese government? As for Mr. Arafat's December statement accepting Israel, now contradicted many times by PLO leaders in the Arabic press, has Mr. Sobran ever found a liberation front that has adhered to conservative principles? The PLO is allied with the Sandinistas and just about every other anti-U.S. leftist cabal around the globe.

Marvin Maurer
Professor of Political Science
Monmouth College
West Long Branch, N.J.

Help! I'm being quibbled to death! I was reviewing Harkabi's book, not reprinting it. If Mr. Jaffa reads it, he'll find the answers he demands (but probably doesn't want). Harkabi recognizes, as Jaffa doesn't, that "the Arabs" are no more a single bloc than "the Jews." His argument, I repeat, doesn't depend on positing the best of intentions among Israel's enemies. As Abba Eban said recently, the chances of the PLO's destroying Israel are roughly those of Luxembourg's destroying the Soviet Union. (The Arafat quotation, by the way, is probably spurious.) I also wonder how Jaffa applies the principles of the Declaration of Independence to the Middle East. Anfractuously, I presume.

Mr. Maurer seems to me to make the common mistake of thinking the Arab-Israeli conflict parallels, and is part of, the cold war. We can only make it that by polarizing the Arab world against us. This might be in the Likud's interests but not in ours, and, if Harkabi is right, not finally in Israel's either. —JS



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FOR THE RECORD

Democrats say they are raising $1-million campaign fund to unseat Republican Whip **Newt Gingrich** next year, for sin of bringing **Jim Wright**'s ethical practices to public attention. . . . No kinder, gentler rhetoric for Rep. **Bill Alexander**, a colleague of Wright's: "Mr. Gingrich's actions are reminiscent of the late Senator **Joe McCarthy**'s demagogical, emotional appeals to the basest instincts. Mr. Gingrich is a congressional **Jimmy Swaggart**, who condemns sin while committing hypocrisy." . . . Gingrich is not surprised: "I knew full well the intensity and savagery of the Democratic response." . . . A week before Wright hearing Brookings Institution scholars and staff predicted, in 32 to 2 secret vote at brown-bag lunch, that Wright would not be Speaker one year later. . . . *Washington Post* article on Democratic Majority Leader **Tom Foley**—mentioned everywhere as Wright's replacement—calls him Speaker Presumptive, "but not presumptuous." . . . Foley, widely portrayed as Democratic moderate, is to the left of Wright politically. His ACU rating is 12 to Wright's 25 per cent. . . . **Oliver North** conviction caused foaming at mouth among media commentators: **Martin Schram**, CNN, May 6: "Whether it's in the White House, or it's in Central Park, the American people don't want to tolerate 'wilding,' and that's what those guys did. They mugged the U.S. Constitution. . . . Ollie North should serve time." . . . **Colman McCarthy**, *Washington Post*, suggested appropriate sentence for North might be "ten years of community service in a Nicaraguan hospital changing [*sic*] the wounds of women and children whose limbs were blown off by U.S.-supported and Contra-laid land mines." . . . Surprisingly, actor **David Keith**, who played a numb-skulled Oliver North in CBS movie *Guts and Glory*, commented: "If he [North] had broken a law to save a grove of trees or the snail darter or something, everyone in show business, all my friends, would say, 'Let this guy go.'" . . . As Supreme Court ruling nears on possible *Roe* reversal, *Los Angeles Times* stylebook was changed to require reporters to identify pro-abortion advocates as "pro-choice," pro-life advocates as "anti-abortion."

Holland, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

Polish government has now formally recognized Roman Catholic Church, is making overtures to establish diplomatic relations with Vatican—a first for Iron Curtain. . . . But *glasnost* has a way to go. In Strasbourg to receive Human Rights Prize from Council of Europe, **Lech Walesa** brandished Solidarity's *Election Gazette* and called it "the first independent newspaper between the Elbe and the Pacific." . . . Explaining why **Janos Kadar**, Kremlin's handpicked Hungarian leader in 1956, was expelled from the Hungarian CP last week, **Karoly Grosz** commented blandly that Kadar "suffered from pulmonary problems" and "an inability to come to terms with political changes." . . . Hungary is planning to rehabilitate **Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty**, hero of the revolution of '56, as prelude to a visit from **John Paul II**. . . . Hungarian Col. **Balazs Novaky**, whose detachment tore down barricades along Austrian-Hungarian border, was asked if Vienna had been informed of that action. "As far as I know," he replied, "we didn't mention it to them when we put it up." . . . Gen. **Robert Herres**, vice-chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, takes Moscow disarmament talks with grain of salt. He points out that the USSR is replacing its older tanks with state-of-the-art new ones at rate of 3,500 to 5,000 a year. . . . A new squadron of Soviet attack helicopters has arrived in Nicaragua since the **Gorbachev-Castro** meeting, say intelligence sources. . . . On his recent three-day trip to Europe, **Daniel Ortega** dropped in on West German Foreign Minister **Hans-Dietrich Genscher** and pronounced himself satisfied with Bonn's suggestion of closer ties with Nicaragua. . . . Here's how *People's Daily World* (CPUSA) reported Panama's recent elections (May 9): "Initial reports gave **Carlos Duque Jaen** [**Noriega**'s candidate] over 50 per cent of the vote in elections that proceeded smoothly Sunday despite repeated provocations from Washington."

Good tidings: Ambassador **Max Kampelman**, **Ronald Reagan**'s hard-nosed chief negotiator on Geneva arms talks with Soviet Union, has resumed his chairmanship of Freedom House board in New York. . . . Very useful, *Human Events* May 6 Special Supplement on Jim Wright affair, including substantial excerpts from report of Special Prosecutor **Richard J. Phelan**. . . . Named a Grande Dame d'Escoffier at a gala at New York's Plaza Hotel, *NR*'s **Nika Hazelton**. Les Dames d'Escoffier also—for the first time—endowed a scholarship in Mrs. Hazelton's name. Other American Grandes Dames include **Julia Child** and **M. F. K. Fisher**.

Right on: **Judy Woodruff** to **Robert Bork** recently on **MacNeil/Lehrer**: "Judge Bork, why is it better to take a controversial question like abortion—we saw again today the public-opinion polls show great division among the American people on this—why is it better to put it to the legislature?" Robert Bork: "You're asking me why is self-government better than rule by an authoritarian body."

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THE WEEK

☐ R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. has made waves with his suggestion that the countenance of Ronald Reagan be added to Mount Rushmore. *Very* appealing. It's against our general policy for members of our board of directors to allow their faces to be chiseled onto Mount Rushmore, but we might make an exception, just this once.

☐ As China erupts gloriously in demands for freedom and democracy, we can't help remembering all the pundits, experts, and roving utopians who told us, in the Sixties and Seventies, how utterly happy the Chinese were under the wise and benevolent leadership of Mao Tse-tung. In 1971 James Reston praised Mao's "tremendous effort to bring out what is best in men, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another." Simone de Beauvoir purred that "life in China today is exceptionally pleasant." John K. Fairbank observed: "The people seem healthy, well fed, and articulate about their role as citizens of Chairman Mao's new China. . . . The change in the countryside is miraculous. . . . The Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in centuries." The media showed us countless images of beaming little Chinese kids doing their morning jumping-jacks before huge portraits of Chairman Mao. It seemed unanimous at the time.

☐ Tiananmen Square cast its shadow over the meeting of the new Soviet Congress in Moscow last week. At a major political rally in Moscow addressed by militant deputies to the Congress, crowds cheered the embattled students in Peking, fighting for democratic rights. Andrei Sakharov warned that the Congress must "show that it is ready to take on the responsibilities for which the nation elected [us]." And the flamboyant Boris Yeltsin—elected to the Congress after an earlier dismissal by Gorbachev—gave an interview to the *Washington Post* that would in the past have earned him major Gulag time or worse. In it he accused Gorbachev of "inconsistency," "indecisiveness," and a tendency to knuckle under to the Kremlin hard-liners. *Perestroika* isn't working, food lines are longer, not shorter, but Soviet citizens now have an elective body which, while powerless, is a forum through which the people can speak. Could this new Congress, which Gorbachev thought he could manipulate, be to the Marxist imperium what the States General was to Bourbon France? No objection from this quarter.

☐ Some good news from the Bush Administration. Both the President and his Secretary of Education, Lauro Cavazos, have come out for greater "choice" in public education. Plans are set for exploring magnet schools, allowing parents to choose among schools and school districts, and generally introducing some competition into a calcified and bureaucratized national education system. Nowhere to go but up. A further boost from a President who aspires to improve American education would involve a voucher system, which would dramatically widen educational choice, as well as a reconsideration of tuition tax credits. The Administration has already rejected this last proposal, but it is a good idea whose time has come.

☐ Mr. Tony Coelho, the House Majority Whip, got involved in the junk-bond business, $100,000 worth, bought by an S&L exec whom he "barely knew" yet who first held the bonds for him and then lent him the money for the deal, which was backdated to his secret admirer's purchase date for capital-gains purposes, the details of which imaginative transaction were "forgotten" in his reports in the pertinent documents of Congress. Mr. Coelho now mutters something on the order of "Gosh, I've sure learned a lesson."

☐ During last fall's presidential campaign, with a budget crisis looming in Massachusetts, Governor Michael

The Greater Southeast Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere

The Japanese don't want our planes
Because they know they have the brains
To build a fighter they can use
While we make chopsticks for the crews.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

RICHARD CHENEY is quickly establishing himself as Mr. Tough Choices, the sort of guy congressional micromanagers have said for years they've wanted at the Pentagon's helm.

Well, as the saying goes, beware of what you want, for you may get it. Cheney's efforts to bring the Pentagon's spending habits into line are eliciting cries of foul on Capitol Hill —cries from many of the same lawmakers who railed against the supposed profligacy of the Reagan/Weinberger Defense Department.

Consider some examples. During the life of the Defense Department's five-year plan for fiscal years 1990 through 1994, Cheney would save $2.4 billion from the Reagan Administration's earlier plans by terminating the Navy's F-14D fighter. That idea has triggered howls from the New York delegation, solicitous of the Long Island-based Grumman Corporation, which manufactures the F-14D. Grumman is still smarting from the Navy's decision last year to back off from plans to upgrade its A-6 attack aircraft. So here's what Democratic Representative Thomas J. Downey has pledged to the voters back home: "I will fight and fight hard to save the F-14D fighter . . . The significant job loss, the financial burdens placed on Grumman, and the rippling effect on smaller businesses threaten the future of the island."

Similarly, Cheney wants to reduce from $300 billion to $100 billion in fiscal 1990 research toward the X-30 National Aerospace Plane, sometimes known as the "Orient Express." Not unreasonably, the Cheney Pentagon argues that the research project ought to be carried out by NASA, which, thus far, has only been planning to pick up 30 per cent of an estimated $3.3-billion R&D tab.

The Cheney plan to hand the bulk of the responsibility for the X-30 over to NASA has provoked the wrath of, among others, Democratic Representative Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma. "Just because it doesn't drop bombs, Department of Defense budget planners don't rank [the X-30] as a high priority," McCurdy ventured. "Well, it should be."

Then there's the Cheney plan to deep-six the V-22 tilt-rotor aircraft. That would save $8.6 billion—though not if you were to believe the V-22's many defenders on Capitol Hill. The Senate unanimously passed a resolution calling for the continuation of the V-22 program even before the Cheney budget was released. At a recent hearing before the House Armed Services Committee, Cheney was pounded further by supporters of the hybrid helicopter/airplane.

After several members argued that it would be cheaper in the long run to buy the V-22, Cheney had finally had enough. "I don't know any way I can operate if I'm going to buy the philosophy that I can't cut anything because cutting will cost more than not cutting," he replied. "If that's the theory, [then] if it's cheaper, we'll buy more systems and save more money."

The problem, of course, is that lawmakers want the Pentagon to cut its budget without touching the programs so near and dear to the voters back home. There's nothing new there. But they are going to be confronted squarely with this inconsistency in a way they never have been before.

Cheney's five-year budget plan—even with all the above-mentioned cuts and many, many more—assumes after-inflation increases of 1 per cent in fiscal 1991-92 and 2 per cent in 1993-94. Most political pros think it is well nigh impossible that Congress will grant Cheney such increases. Inevitably, then, it will have to confront the very real political pain that results when those cuts begin to hit home. —CATO

("Competence") Dukakis kept a steady course, spending money as per usual, and proposing the usual spending increases. Well, guess what: Massachusetts is broke. It has already borrowed more than $2 billion just to meet the payroll, and it may have to freeze all state services next month. Its credit rating has fallen, as has the Duke's approval rating (to 41 per cent, down from last year's 79 per cent). *Now* he wants to cut spending, and of course raise you-know-what. The Eastern Seaboard had better brace itself for the Bay State boat people.

☐ The term "homeless" is something relatively new in American politics and it lends itself to many uses. It can be used as an indictment of society, or of Reagan; it can be used, as at the 1988 Democratic convention, as a badge of compassion; and it can be the rationale for new federal and state programs of all sorts. Invaluable. But now comes the disclosure from experts that "homelessness" is closely related to drug and alcohol addiction. This is "the nasty little secret of the homeless," according to Professor Ernest Drucker of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Robert Hayes, director of the National Coalition for the Homeless, says that this fact has not been much discussed, but "we have to tell the truth." The homelessness phenomenon is *not* the fault of government, and is *not* a national disgrace. We used to call many of these people winos or bums, terms that don't have quite the ring of "homeless."

☐ The subsidized sale of 1.5 million tons of wheat to the Soviet Union brings us closer to the day when all such farm supports will be eliminated around the world, according to the Bush Administration spokesman. We assume that somewhere in the Kremlin there is a bureaucrat who, with an equally straight face, is praising this deal as another step toward allowing free-market forces to prevail in Soviet agriculture. But such progress does not come cheap: the subsidy will cost U.S. taxpayers $270 million, while the total sale of 22 million tons of grain to the Soviet Union this year is expected to increase domestic grain prices 20 to 30 per cent.

☐ While we are agog at million-strong demonstrations in Peking, let us not forget that the Baltic republics, with populations in the low, low millions,

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have been able to turn out crowds of more than 100,000 in support of national liberty (a comparable Chinese crowd would have to have the population of California). The Lithuanian Supreme Soviet took the stirrings for self-determination to a logical conclusion by voting, 291 to 8, to declare the republic's desire for independence. The Lithuanians know, as well as Gorbachev knows, that saying so won't make it so. On the other hand, you can understand their eagerness to express their desires. Who would have guessed, *sub regno Chernenko*, that they would have come as far as they already have?

☐ That Bishop Desmond Tutu is too, too much. He has come out in opposition to economic sanctions. Not sanctions against South Africa, but sanctions against Panama. He says sanctions will hurt ordinary Panamanians, result in unemployment, etc., but not touch the rulers. No one bothers to press His Worship to achieve some sort of consistency.

☐ HUD Secretary Jack Kemp prepared a letter asking authorities what was being done to get drugs out of public housing. He was told that the letter was in violation of the Paperwork Reduction Act. A court clerk in Italy reached for the wrong file folder and was buried for five hours in the ensuing avalanche. Fortunately he was not injured. A modest suggestion: Give Italy the Paperwork Reduction Act, and turn Secretary Kemp loose.

☐ Officials in Detroit painted the ground green before showing Housing Secretary Kemp a local project.

☐ Miguel Brashi is fighting eviction from the Manhattan apartment he shared for more than a decade with his "gay life partner," we believe the term is. Mr. Brashi is an AIDS widow, as of two years ago, and he contends that the building's owner owes him the same tenancy rights lady widows enjoy under New York City's rent-control laws. We're against those laws in the first place, so we think we'll sit this one out.

☐ Also in New York, two correction-officer trainees have charged that they were ordered by their superior to get abortions or quit. Neither knew she was pregnant when hired. The official who gave the order has been transferred to another department. And there are at least a half-dozen guys who want to be *mayor* of this place.

☐ The state of Vermont becomes the first to ban automobile air conditioners, which are not needed in Vermont, but we have to make Statements about chlorofluorocarbons and the greenhouse effect, right?

☐ Senator Dole says, "We didn't get the pay raise—why work?" Promises, promises.

The End Is Nigh

The vultures squat in leafless trees,
While, on the ground, hyenas sneeze,
Excited by decaying smells
As, in the cloakrooms, throttled yells
Suggest a movement to dispense
With Mr. Wright and his defense.

W. H. von Dreele

Ten Days That Shook the Middle Kingdom

To begin by playing Devil's advocate, what the Chinese leadership ought to have done, having decided to disperse the student strikers occupying Tiananmen Square and much of central Peking, was to fly in troops from the remotest part of China, and with the least fellow-feeling for the demonstrators—fly them in, and let them set mercilessly to work. Indeed, it is a pity for the Chinese leadership in its extremity that it has so oppressed and abused Tibet all these years: a few loyal Tibetan regiments would be just the thing.

But of course the leadership has not acted in this way because it is not united—because there is, in effect, no leadership. So the world, watching the Chinese events unfold, has tried desperately to process: Zhao Ziyang (he's the pro-student leader) versus Li Peng (he's anti); Wuer Kaixi and Wang Dan, students (Wang, by the look of him, would be carded in any bar in America); student signs printed in English to catch the eye of CNN cameras, until the powers-that-unsteadily-be succeeded, finally, in turning the cameras off; Mikhail Gorbachev, world-class headline hound, first distancing himself from, then complimenting, the demonstrators; reports that Deng Xiaoping, on an inspection trip to assess the situation, was refused permission, by local authorities, to spend a night in Shanghai; thousands marching, in a typhoon, in hitherto apolitical Hong Kong, anxious over the fate of the country that will absorb them eight years hence; a student manifesto ending with the words, spoken two centuries and half a world away, "Give me liberty or give me death."

How much liberty they end up getting will depend on which leader best turns their protests to his own advantage. Increments of freedom are truly secured, not by waves of unrest from below, but in the interstices of circulating and superseding elites. There are two ways of looking at this truth. On the one hand,

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the path of political progress tends to be slower than many of the actors imagine. On the other hand, real advances do get made.

The quality that made Deng Xiaoping for several years a benefactor to his country is the same one that brought him to this pass. That quality was cynicism. Disgraced during the Cultural Revolution and forced to work in a tractor factory, Deng saw how the Chinese system worked, or didn't work, first hand. When the wheel turned and he came back to power in the late Seventies, he was determined to bring economic relief, however the ideologues might parse the wisdom of Mao. But he was determined to do it entirely on his terms, manifesting a perfect contempt for the rights or opinions of others. "We put Wei [Jingsheng] behind bars, didn't we?" he once asked, of the leader of a previous move for political loosening. "Did that damage China's reputation?" Now there are a million Weis in the street. The remark may go down alongside Stalin's query about the Pope's divisions in the annals of materialist political science. Deng's incarnation of Mammon was far more benign than the Five-Year Plan/Great Leap Forward Mammons of his predecessors. But he worshipped it, and only it, all the same. The upheavals were the just reward of his single-mindedness.

The other lesson of the Chinese drama is the racism of the West. Fifty years ago, racism was expressed in "No dogs or Chinese" signs in the Great Power enclaves in Shanghai. For the last 25 years, it has been expressed, far more damagingly, by the willingness of Westerners to see Chinese as totalitarians at heart. The fact that the new evaluation was ostensibly admiring did not make it, at bottom, any less contemptuous. Enlightened folk in the Sixties made a half-camp cult of Mao, even as the Cultural Revolution raged. Scholars like Ross Terrill made careers of writing that whatever is Chinese, is right (they will wait until the present disturbances settle down, then swing behind the winner). The height of euphoria occurred when Richard Nixon towed seventy journalists to Peking for a love-feast. It turns out that Chinese enjoy having no say in their affairs about as much as Poles or Armenians. The desire for freedom, of course, is emphatically not the same thing as fulfillment. But the West owes China, in the West's own mind at least, an apology for so many years of continuing dehumanizing condescension.

Copping Out on the Contras

"WE ARE ONE NATION, and we must have one consistent foreign policy," Secretary Baker remarked when the details of the deal between the Administration and Congress on Contra policy were finally worked out and announced. He and the President had better hope that consistency is a virtue, because the new policy has few others.

The agreement claims to settle $4.5 million a month on the Contras through February 1990, when the Sandinistas are supposed to hold an election. But the money is actually guaranteed only through November, when the White House must get letters of approval from four congressional committees. No tickee, no money. This unusual arrangement, the press has noted, had to be spelled out in letters from the White House to the Hill, not in legislation, since if it ever were written into law, it would surely be ruled unconstitutional. Secretary Baker is on a bipartisan high now, though C. Boyden Gray, who had the wit or the luck to object to this bit of sub-legal jerry-building, may find his stock rising as the White House sees what it has given up.

In a small but symbolic point, the deal also commits the White House, for the first time, to offering what everyone denies is "mustering-out pay," because that is exactly what it is: funds to enable the Contras to resettle in Nicaragua, should they so choose. Presumably most of the freedom-fighters will have the wisdom to wait until after the promised elections before exercising that option.

The future of Nicaragua now rests in three sets of hands: Congress's, Managua's, and Gorbachev's. Historically, only two things have been able to deflect the congressional Democrats from their disposition to let the Sandinistas have their way: White House pressure, and the gross misbehavior of Managua. The first factor has been removed. How the Sandinistas act between now and February may be determined partly by the eco-

Mike Lane, *Baltimore Evening Sun* & Washington Post Writers Group

"Sure, glasnost, perestroika, *Afghan withdrawal—but we're not leaving until we get the 'all clear' from William F. Buckley!"*

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nomic state of the country, which is awful. One thing the Administration can do is keep the screws of the present embargo tight.

Finally, there is Gorbachev, the man of the hour, letting a hundred flowers blossom worldwide. To hear his admirers tell it, he ought to be the next president of the National Endowment for Democracy. Bush and Baker rather pointedly called on the Soviets to help the "new day" in Central America dawn. Certainly it is within their power to do so, by the simple expedient of cutting their massive subsidies to Managua.

But what would be the expected quid for this quo? Disarmament in Europe? A situation in which, by the time roughly that Bush's term is up, West Germany has become a second, and bigger, Austria? Pay attention. The worst effects of our Central American policy may be in Central Europe.

Reeling

JIM WRIGHT may be the only man in the Western Hemisphere who can envy Manuel Noriega's situation. Every day brings new woes: a new conflict of interest surfaced when it transpired that Wright had invested in a nursing home while fighting Medicaid cuts; the IRS is reportedly weighing criminal prosecution against him for tax evasion; his fellow Democrats have privately told him it's over, would he please step down and spare them further damage. Republicans are hoping he'll hang in there as long as possible.

The turning point came with the revelation that Wright had acquired his chief aide, John Mack, by pulling wires to save him from a prison term for trying to murder a young woman with a hammer and a knife. It was an old story (we reported it last year), but it came back with fury in the midst of Wright's troubles when the *Washington Post* gave it a huge Style-section profile, including an interview with Mack's bitter victim. Fishing Mack out of the pen may have been the most benevolent act of Wright's life, but that's not saying much: Mack was his daughter's brother-in-law. Mack has now resigned, but the public had finally snapped to attention and had seen vividly how Wright operates. (See page 19.)

Taking a leaf from Noriega, Wright enhanced his image by attacking special prosecutor Richard Phelan as a liar, and a foul rumor about the sex life of Wright's likely successor as Speaker, Thomas Foley of Washington, emanated from the general direction of Wright's office. The Democrats finally prevailed on Wright to behave himself a little. It was too late.

By displaying his true colors, Wright told the public a great deal about the House that had elected him to lead it. His colleagues could hardly have failed to know his character—as, it is said, the Senate knew John Tower's—when they chose him to succeed Tip O'Neill in 1986. Ever since then, Wright's arrogance has been amazing, especially for one so vulnerable. He has run the House with a nasty partisanship that has made Republicans look back on O'Neill with nostalgia, and he antagonized the Reagan Administration with his unprecedented attempt to take over foreign policy. In one memorable incident he actually endangered the Nicaraguan opposition by asserting publicly that an anti-Sandinista demonstration had been underwritten by the CIA. Nobody will miss him.

His downfall will be a special triumph for the new Republican Whip, Newt Gingrich, who has been urging his phlegmatic GOP colleagues for years to take the attack. They used to write Gingrich off as a guerrilla; it took Wright to make them willing to fight the Democratic leadership. Gingrich's approach has paid off with a victory even he couldn't have foreseen. Portrayed in the media as a rabid airhead, Gingrich is actually as intelligent and imaginative as he is aggressive. He looks like a good bet to assume the role of the nation's foremost political conservative.

The Indians Lose

IN A TRUSTEE ELECTION widely looked forward to as quite probably signaling an alumni revolt against the leftward lurch in the academy, the results could not have been more disappointing.

Dartmouth has been the scene of one intellectual and moral scandal after another: a deliberate refusal to require essential reading, victim-studies courses, safe-sex kits involving equipment for male-male sex, Angela Davis honored, Ron Dellums and other near Communists honored, opposition hounded, a president who talks about wanting more "intellectualism." Not intelligence or learning, but "intellectualism." You would think the cup had at last run over.

In Wilcomb Washburn the opposition had a genuinely superior candidate, a scholar in American studies at the Smithsonian Institution (see his article in *NR*, Sept. 30, 1988). His establishment opponent was a Boston real-estate man with no visible credentials and no ideas, except enthusiasm for the status quo.

About half of the eligible alumni voted . . . and came down 60 to 40 for the leftward status quo—and, worse than that, for a continuing anti-intellectual sentimentality. As Adlai Stevenson said after losing to Eisenhower, "It hurts too much to laugh, and I'm too old to cry." Dartmouth has now sufficiently defined itself.

Cranston v. Gregg

NOTHING IS PLAINER than that the crusade against the confirmation of Donald Gregg as ambassador to South Korea is the heated enterprise of one man, Senator Alan Cranston. It is a pity that his abusive

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treatment of Mr. Gregg has not received the derision and contempt it deserves. On the contrary, ostensibly, and no doubt intentionally, seeking to be fair-minded, even the *New York Times* registers, on its editorial page, its doubts about the credibility of Mr. Gregg.

"Donald Gregg . . . can't explain how the words 'resupply of the Contras' appeared in two memos about a White House meeting he and Mr. Bush attended in the spring of 1986. . . . So what explanation does Mr. Gregg give the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in its hearing on his nomination? He says there must have been a misunderstanding. It wasn't *Contras* at all. Those words must be 'a garbled reference to something like resupply of the *copters*' in El Salvador. . . . That's hardly credible," the *Times* opines.

The two memos in question had never been seen by Mr. Gregg before he brought them to the attention of the Iran-Contra committee. They were documents prepared by his secretary from dictation by his deputy, who was the only other person present at the meeting with Vice President Bush. The secretary has sworn under oath that she, not Mr. Gregg, signed his initials to the documents, and anyone who believes this is incredible has never worked with a trusted secretary. The deputy has sworn, under oath, that he made absolutely no reference to the "Contras," and that the Contras were not even mentioned in the meeting with George Bush. Mr. Bush has several times said he had no idea of the resupply operation until the following December.

It was at his meeting with the Senate panel a fortnight ago that Mr. Gregg first advanced his hypothesis. One of the items that *was* on the agenda that day was the shortage, in El Salvador, of functioning helicopters necessary to combat the counterinsurgency movement, a shortage owing to the absence of—helicopter parts. Mr. Gregg advanced as "speculation" that perhaps his deputy had dictated the words "copter parts" and his secretary had written down "Contra parts." This sounds to us plausible—and irrelevant, given the record of Donald Gregg over a period of 38 years, and the trust shown in him by the President for whom he served as principal security advisor for six and one-half years.

Full-disclosurewise, as they would say in the Pentagon, I record that I have the honor to be the father-in-law of Mr. Gregg's beautiful creation, Lucy Gregg Buckley. —WFB

Losing the PR Wars

The Piper came to Hamelin,
As Germans will recall,
To lure the tots and teens away—
Which cast a certain pall;
Although it isn't trendy
To say the two are types,
It's obvious that Gorbachev
Is handy with the pipes.

W. H. von Dreele

Unpleasant Business

The *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Times* (on page one) have published a story about the Rockford Institute (of Rockford, Illinois; John Howard, President), and the Center on Religion & Society (of New York City; Richard John Neuhaus, President), one part of which is indisputable. Namely that on May 5, when Pastor Neuhaus arrived at his offices on Madison Avenue, he came upon five men engaged in carrying out the contents of that office—physically. It quickly transpired that they were doing so on instructions of the Rockford Institute, whose affiliate the Center on Religion & Society had been. Separatism is in the air this side of the Baltic states, and on May 3, Pastor Neuhaus had made an offer to Rockford suggesting that perhaps the time had come for a friendly divorce. The gentlemen at Rockford replied, alas, much as Don Corleone would have done.

It requires noting that Neuhaus & Company did not go to the press with the story, but Rockford did. What caused further confusion in conservative ranks was that these papers did not quote Rockford's motives in moving as theatrically as it did. Perhaps the reason for it is that one can't easily explain the motive for moving into the offices of genteel folk and acting in that way. Moreover, if civility is an attribute of conservative action, Rockford offended not only the folkways of commercial traffic, but also the mores of human intercourse. If Richard John Neuhaus is a potential thief, a) he should resign his ministry; b) he should cease writing profound theological and political treatises; and c) he should certainly resign his position as religion editor for NATIONAL REVIEW, before we catch him with his hand in the till, and throw him out.

It is tempting, for those who wish to draw the blind on potential disunity within the conservative movement, to whisper that there were no important differences between the New York group within Rockford, and the *Chronicles* group within Rockford. The problem with that approach is that it is not so. This is not the time to dilate on those differences, but it may be sufficient in documenting that something was awry that one article in the March *Chronicles* praised Gore Vidal as a "champion" of "American conservatism," and an acccompanying editorial endorsed him as champion "of a distinctly American civilization." To deal in that way with a man that far gone in decadence suggests a paralysis of the critical and moral faculties.

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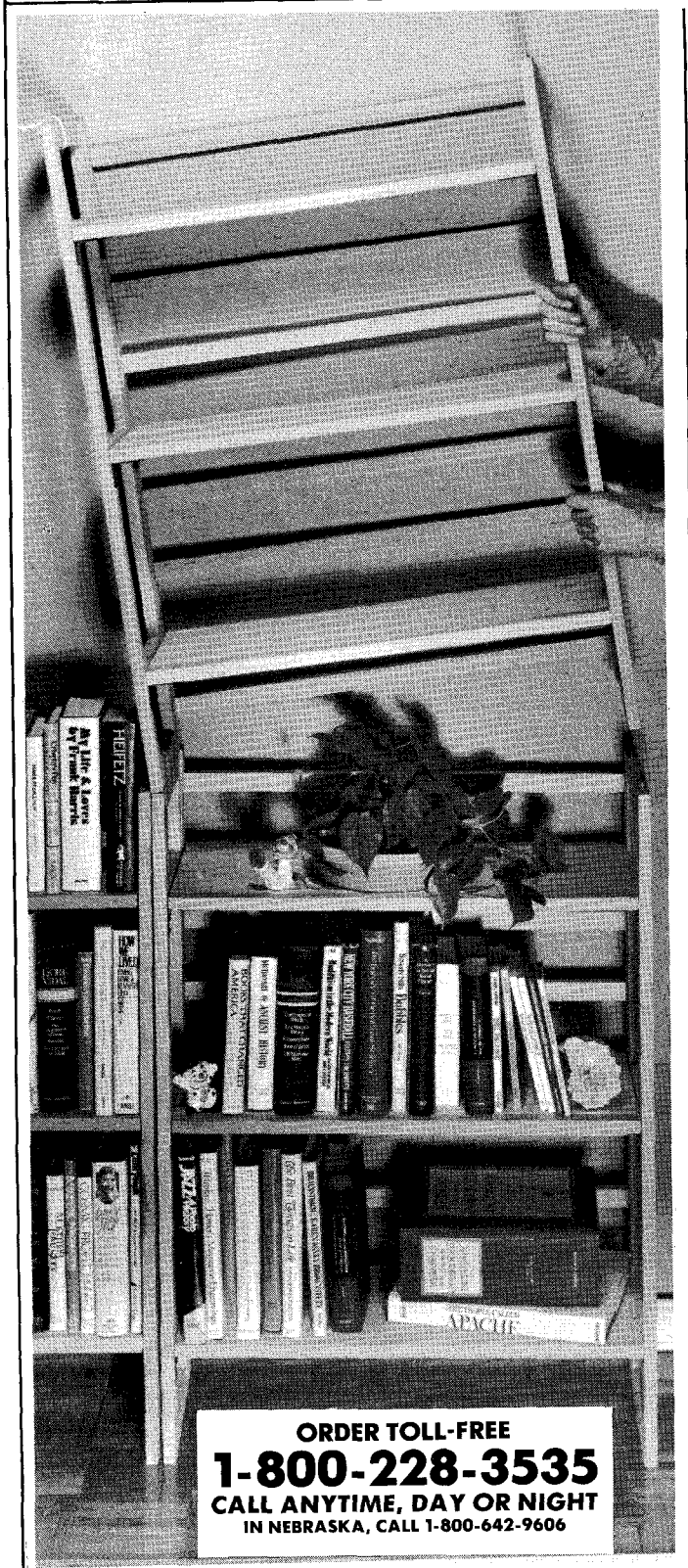

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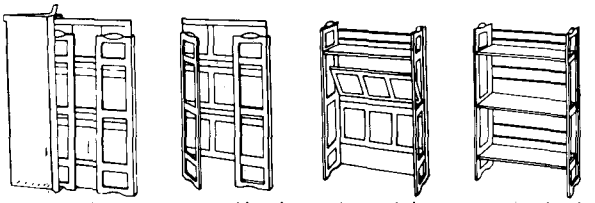

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Cold Fusion and Property Rights

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN nice, but the odds were against it from the start. Most technological change is evolutionary, the product of many small accretions of knowledge rather than a single quantum leap forward such as the Utah fusion experiment originally appeared to be. And if data on patents issued in this country are any indication, new technologies are increasingly likely to be spawned abroad rather than in the United States:

U.S. PATENTS GRANTED, BY COUNTRY OF INVENTOR

	U.S.	Japan	All Other Countries	Foreign Share (%)
1971	55,984	4,029	18,304	28.5
1980	37,356	7,124	17,339	39.6
1983	32,871	8,793	15,196	42.2
1987	47,711	17,288	24,386	46.6
1988	44,570	16,984	22,718	47.1

In 1983 there were 23,000 fewer patents granted to U.S. nationals than in 1971, a 40 per cent decline, and although there has been a recovery during the last five years, the figure remains well below its earlier peak. Meanwhile, the share of U.S. patents going to foreign inventors, which had been as low as 18.6 per cent in 1963, approached 50 per cent last year.

The decline in patents granted to U.S. inventors does not mean we are devoting less of our resources to basic research and development. In fact R&D spending in 1983, the low year for U.S. patent grants, was 40 per cent higher in real terms than in 1971, the peak year for patents. R&D spending continues to rise, with last year's $126 billion representing a 24 per cent real increase from 1983; this country now spends more on R&D than Japan, West Germany, France, and the UK combined, according to the National Science Foundation.

To a great extent the patent decline reflects shortcomings of the patent system itself, particularly its failure adequately to protect the intellectual property rights of U.S. innovators. A loophole in our trade laws, for example, allows foreigners to use patented U.S. production processes without the approval of the American patent-holder. Domestic competitors can also violate the property rights of the patent-holder by going abroad to use the patented technology, and shipping the goods back to the United States. The laws of virtually every other major industrialized country, including Japan, forbid this practice.

In theory, patent laws allow inventors to make their ideas public without relinquishing the economic benefits, conferring upon them the right to exclude others from making, selling, or otherwise using their invention or discovery for 17 years. In practice the cumbersome and often expensive patent-review process prevents many patented ideas from reaching the marketplace before well over half of the 17-year period has gone by. Understandably many firms and individuals are opting to keep new processes secret rather than to reveal them via the patent process, thereby denying society access to bits of technological knowledge some of which, if made available to the right people, might make the next fusion experiment a success.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

Given the healthy orientation over the years of Rockford, and the great contributions of John Howard and many of his associates, one must cope with such paralysis as one would with schism, as distinguished from heresy; but meanwhile Pastor Neuhaus is better off removed from any formal affiliation with Rockford, and Rockford certainly made that easy for him and his colleagues, who will now found a new organization to be called Religion & Society.

Oh, there will always be strains, this way and that, among conservatives who prefer to emphasize different points, or are guided by different priorities; and when efforts to maintain quarreling factions under the same roof fail, it is sometimes necessary to excrete unwholesome bodies, as in the past was done, e.g., to the John Birchers, and the Ayn Randians. But absorption with conservative taxonomy (Are you, sir, an old conservative, a new conservative, a paleo, a neo, a —what in the hell are you?, merits the reply: "I am a conservative, sir, and you may kiss my arse") is boring except when it is necessary, and one devoutly hopes Rockford conservatism will not make it necessary.

Alice-Leone Moats, RIP

BACK IN 1961, NATIONAL REVIEW carried a piece about a Communist Cuban rebel encampment in Mexico. It was by Alice-Leone Moats, who had been

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raised in Mexico and knew her way about as few other foreign correspondents stationed there. Fidel Castro had been given asylum in Mexico after serving time in Cuba, and there he recruited and trained the guerrillas—among them his brother Raúl and Che Guevara—who would come out of the Sierra Maestre hills a year later to chase Batista out of Cuba and establish his Communist regime. The only reporter to trace Castro's ties in those early days to the international Communist enterprise was Moatsie, an elegant and cosmopolitan writer with a well-honed nose for news, and the gall to go after it. It was years before Herbert Matthews, the *New York Times*'s man on the beat, would learn that his gallant rebel reformer had been from the start, like Edgar Snow's agrarian reformer, a Communist ideologue.

Moatsie never received full credit for this scoop. Her best-known and probably her best book was *Blind Date with Mars*, a brilliant and colorful account of a journey through the Far East under wartime conditions in 1943. Her first book, *No Nice Girl Swears*, published in 1933, caused a splash, but her last one, about what she called "the Golden Gigolos"—the elegant European parasites who preyed on wealthy American women—failed to cause a ripple. The Society she was writing about in the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties didn't survive the Sixties. And Alice-Leone Moats herself, reduced in later years to scratching out a living from a world that no longer recognized her zip and flair, faded away. She continued to contribute to *NR* episodically, but the day came when we gave her an assignment and she proved too weary to deliver on it. She left her beloved Paris in the Seventies, no longer able to sustain herself there, and returned home. Hard times ended her roving days, but they never tarnished her sense of elegance and style, her wit, or her values. She died in Philadelphia, aged 81, a fortnight ago.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Our sad news is that Chilton Williamson Jr. is leaving us. He is a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, and has served as book editor ever since taking the reins from George Will 13 years ago. Mr. W. has run the book section during the past few years from Wyoming, where he lives and works on his novels and other books. A fresh contract (from Weidenfeld & Nicolson) to write a book that will require considerable research, as also an offer from *Chronicles* to serve as its book editor (less taxing, as it is a monthly), prompted his resignation, effective August 1. I and my colleagues are deeply grieved, for professional reasons (he ran a splendid book section), and personal reasons (he is a capital companion). He will continue as a contributor to the magazine and, I devoutly hope, a friend of its editors. —WFB

☐ *(The following is from a letter by Michael Lind, a graduate of Yale and of the Law School at the University of Texas, class of 1988, who is now a fellow at the Heritage Foundation.)*

Dear Bill:

Thanks for the *Firing Line* anthology, which is rather like the keys to a big city bank's vault. I've only opened a few of the safe-deposit boxes. First I turned to the [Jorge Luis] Borges excerpt. You were editing it when I visited you last May, and I suggested that whatever else you removed you should keep JLB's paraphrase of Whistler's "Art happens." You probably forgot immediately, but there it is nevertheless, and I claim credit for co-authorship.

From Borges I turned to Muggeridge. "Imperfect Christian" is a phrase I have needed. I have been one lately. Have you followed the news accounts of the young woman who was mauled 14 days ago in Central Park by a wolf pack of punks on a "wilding" spree? The victim was a classmate of mine in the International Relations program at Yale. I did not know her well, but we dined together every few weeks in the Hall of Graduate Studies. The program was small, only about a dozen, and we keep in touch. The other day a mutual friend told me she had stirred a bit in her agony at the hospital, but the word "conscious" could not be used to describe her condition. The encephalograph showed activity that was something other than human, as was—as was the act that rendered her thus?

No, that was all too human, let the casuists of the Op-Ed pages make a mystery of it though they will. This is human evil. There is worse. This latest horror—so weirdly echoed, as if in stereo, on the impersonal TV and in the distressed quiet voices of our little alumnal community—followed hard upon the unearthing of the cult murders in Matamoros. The UT student who was kidnapped on vacation and sacrificed to Satan bore an extraordinary resemblance to my kid brother, as to the kid brothers of any number of Texans my age. This struck close to home in more than a geographic sense, spoke of a radical evil less than human, and perhaps more.

Do you not know that you shall sit in judgment on angels? Paul asks. I never understood that passage until recently—it seemed a quaint bit of Hellenistic angelology. But there is no justice if Satan is not ultimately and finally overthrown, and the Gospel is not a message for hope unless it permits us to hear the bones in the beast's neck crack with a crack echoing into the present from that too long deferred futurity. I listen, but I cannot hear that crack. What I hear instead is the destruction of something too brittle to be entrusted to such a world with such a prince.

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Trying to gather and sort my recollections, I remember one festive evening in the Hall of Graduate Studies, Christmas or Easter, when the Gothic columns and vaults were tapestried with shadows cast by candles glowing on white tablecloths like coals in the snow. She had entered the great hall and taken a place in the line to the kitchen; as I walked up behind her, she started, and turned. An epiphany, which will be an emblem for me from now on—the small, blonde girl, thin-shouldered as a fawn, luminous as a wisp of smoke in the candlelight, the surprise of her elf-delicate face giving way to a timid and reassured smile, as though some presentiment of the enormity had fallen on her with my shadow. That astonishment, melting into that smile, makes me think of some lines from John Crowe Ransom:

Practice your beauty, blue girls, before it fail;
And I will cry with my loud lips and publish
Beauty which all our power shall never establish
It is so frail.

Our mutual friends tell me that she used to jog, recklessly, around the Yale campus at night. I didn't know that; but she was slender to the point of unhealthiness. The nervous tension was apparent, the tension and ambition that sent her from the School of Organization and Management to Salomon Brothers and, worse than fatally, to Central Park. She comes from an affluent family; was—is? if she lives, she will be brain damaged—was a humanitarian liberal, with a faith in mankind which mankind, in the form of a pack of deracinated adolescents, proved if more proof was needed that it can never merit. A greyhound, set upon by hyenas.

"Many bulls encompass me, strong bulls of Bashan surround me; they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax, it is melted within my breast . . ." But enough. The words melt together on the page. After I learned of the victim's identity, I found the entire event in Psalm 22. Yea, dogs are round about me; a company of evildoers encircle me. My God, my God.

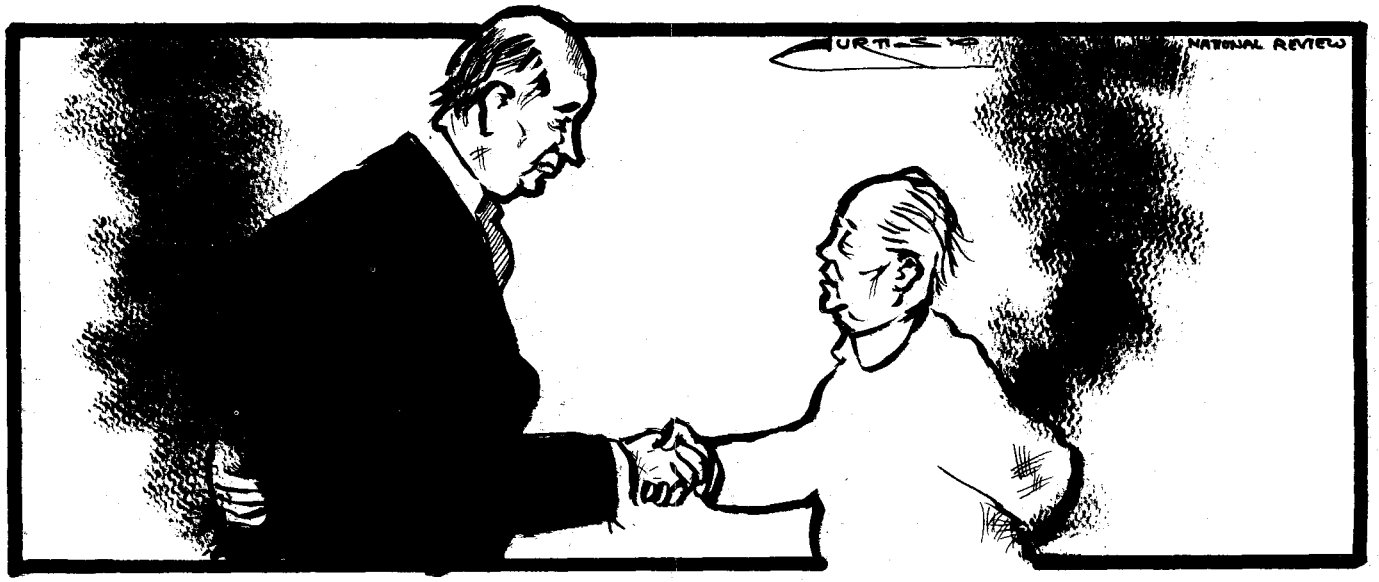
I said I was an imperfect Christian. The imperfection is not one of forgiveness. They know not what they do. No, what I don't understand is how to prevent each horror in my experience from polluting the rest of life, leaving a sediment of disgust that thickens, year after year, decade after decade, until all uncalculating trust and spontaneous pleasure in life die long before I do. How to avoid a gradual, sapping, half-conscious weariness? After D-Day, I read once, many of the American paratroopers who had dropped behind German lines disentangled themselves from their chutes, stumbled into field or farmhouse—and, exhausted by days of tension, fell asleep. I have just landed, as it were, to join the temporal struggle, the moment has arrived for which I have trained and fashioned myself. And something like this happens to someone I know, and my political struggles, which sometimes seem quixotic but noble, become merely quixotic and petty. The energy will return—my energy is independent of my moods, to a degree that surprises me at times—but energy detached from a trusting engagement in life is not something to look forward to, even if it is a precondition for a continued persistent exertion in a brave new world that looks ever more like the hateful eon which is passing away. A Christian should be cheerful. Cheerfulness is a perfection. Be ye perfect. In the face of such enormities, I don't know how.

Thank you again. I'd like to visit, in a month or two. Include my friend, if you would, in your prayers, and her tormentors as well. A.M.D.G.*

Michael

*[*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—To the greater glory of God.]

—WFB



"We have much in common, comrade."

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ON THE SCENE

THE MARK OF KEAN

GEOFFREY MORRIS

TRENTON, N.J.—When Tom Kean decided to run for governor in 1981, the New Jersey GOP was near extinction, the state was considered a toxic-waste dump, and its economy was in shambles. In his two terms as governor, Kean took the failing industrial state from 10 per cent unemployment and a $300-million budget shortfall to a success story mirroring that of the nation. The state has enjoyed a budget surplus for five of his eight years in office, 4 per cent unemployment, and 600,000 new jobs. In a recent poll, 65 per cent said they consider Kean to be doing an "excellent" or "good" job, despite the present $500-million shortfall and reports of misuse of funds by certain agencies. Though Kean is prevented by law from seeking a third consecutive term, his accomplishments will play a vital role in the GOP's efforts to hold the statehouse against Jim Florio, Kean's 1981 opponent and the Democrats' likely candidate this year.

The three front-runners for the June 6 Republican primary are Congressman Jim Courter, State Senator Gerald Cardinale, and State Assembly Speaker Chuck Hardwick. Hardwick, the only Republican to hold the post of Speaker since Kean (1972-73), is proud of the state's economic growth, but says the most important challenge for the next governor is managing the growth, especially that of the government. The state budget grew from $5 billion in 1981 to $12.5 billion in 1988, as Governor Kean used an increase in revenues to send the state on a spending spree.

Felix Auer—a longtime participant in New Jersey Republican politics and aide to the State Senate minority leader—calls the Speaker "a compassionate conservative who cares about human values and fiscal responsibility." When Kean attempted to repeal a New Jersey law that deducts from homeowners' state income tax what they have paid in property taxes (Kean wanted to use the added revenue to give aid to "distressed cities"), Hardwick helped defeat the repeal. He opposed Kean's divestiture of stocks of companies that do business in South Africa from the state pension fund's portfolio. And he calls Mount Laurel, a state-supreme-court decision requiring each community to supply low-income housing even if it means tearing down existing structures, "a terrible decision."

Education is sure to be a concern of the voters, but Hardwick does not plan radical educational reform. He wants to give more money to the public-school system while requiring "basic-skills testing as a condition for receipt of a New Jersey high-school diploma." He is firm and confident in his support for Joe Clark—the controversial back-to-basics disciplinarian—whom he calls "an American hero."

The Hardwick campaign has statewide support, including endorsements from conservatives such as supply-sider Jeff Bell, who says that "Hardwick is the logical choice to succeed Tom Kean." He also has the endorsements of three of the five candidates who ran against Kean in the 1981 primary.

Opponents contend the Speaker has flip-flopped on certain issues to accommodate his campaign. Most notably, he has a record of opposing capital punishment, but supports it in his run for governor. However, an April poll showed Hardwick with a 62 per cent name-recognition rating, highest among all Republican candidates.

State Senator Gerald Cardinale has received the endorsement of the state Conservative Caucus and the Commerce and Industry Association. As Cardinale press secretary Jim Moses puts it, the senator is committed "to cutting unnecessary programs and commissions"—which he is more than happy to list. Like Hardwick, he is essentially anti-tax and anti-spending; unlike Hardwick, he advocates a spending rollback, vowing to eliminate 12,000 state jobs. Generally, Cardinale says that he just wants to "make the state more affordable."

Photographs of his wife and five children in his campaign literature are captioned, "Destroy the family and you destroy society." On education questions, he advocates vouchers, a moment of silence, daily recitation of the Declaration of Independence, and a requirement that abstinence be offered in AIDS education as the most effective means of preventing infection.

Solid issues, but polls show Cardinale a distant third behind Hardwick and Jim Courter. Political types say he's spent too much energy proclaiming that he would bulldoze the toll booths on the Garden State Parkway because it would save the state and the drivers money. Perhaps true, but is it enough to win a campaign?

WITH *Roe* v. *Wade* on the endangered list, abortion will be a major issue in both the primary and general elections. The issue could deliver a blow to the campaign of Jim Courter. Courter, a solid foreign-policy conservative, has a generally pro-life voting record. But, according to the *Lawrence Ledger*, Courter was the honorary co-chairman of the fiftieth anniversary dinner of Planned Parenthood. And when the New Jersey Right to Life organization sent questionnaires to the GOP candidates,

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Courter did not return his because, he told me, "I didn't have the time . . . and they wanted yes and no answers" to complicated questions. (Right to Life leadership was distressed that Congressman Henry Hyde—as in the Hyde Amendments—injected himself into the Jersey race, endorsing Courter, without first consulting the organization.) When asked if he would support a bill outlawing abortion as governor, Courter said he did not like to make decisions based on "hypotheticals." (Both Hardwick and Cardinale said they would sign such a bill, though Hardwick specified an exception for saving the life of the mother.) Courter seems unwilling to take unequivocal stands on local matters; Speaker Hardwick suggests that is because all he knows about them comes from two-hour briefings: "If you want to know about Gorbachev, talk to Jim Courter. If you want to know about garbage, talk to me."

Courter's response is that he has ten years of experience in Washington and does not have "a hand in the problems of the state." He comes in with a "fresh perspective" on removing some of the stains on Kean's two terms, like the state's high insurance rates—a solution his PR consultant Roger Stone calls "the free-market approach." He offers specific "disciplines" for cutting the state budget, i.e., a cap on direct state services and utilizing the line-item veto and balanced-budget laws.

What Courter has learned during his experiences in congressional campaigning is the importance of a positive image. Along with Roger Stone—whose firm has also served as a campaign consultant for George Bush and Tom Kean—Bush media man Roger Ailes is also providing services to Courter. And Kean's deputy chief of staff, Ken Connolly, left the governor earlier this year to manage the Courter campaign.

Courter is hoping some of Kean's luster will rub off on him. He endorsed Kean early in 1981, before Kean's name was a household word, and Kean in return has been photographed and done commercials with Courter. Courter especially covets Kean's popularity in the urban areas (in 1985 Kean received 60 per cent of the black vote), although he says he doesn't believe in going after "segments of society." However, he vocally supports enterprise zones, and proudly mentions his service on the national commission to make Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a holiday.

In his ten years as congressman, Courter has, because of redistricting, served 1.2 million people in nine of the 21 counties. However, his opponents have local experience on their side, and a well-oiled campaign may not be enough to sway knowledgeable primary voters to flip the Courter lever June 6. Meanwhile, with the three leaders running to the right of Kean, former Attorney General Cary Edwards and State Senator Bill Gormley are trying to coalesce the support of Republicans to the left of Kean, which Edwards seems to be winning.

The winner will almost certainly face Jim Florio in November, who has problems of his own. For one, he seems unwilling to condemn the inner-city school boards, under attack for poor performance and widespread corruption. But he has a popular record on the environment, which figures prominently in this seaside state. And he was only 1,700 votes from tasting success when he ran against Kean in 1981. Whichever candidate Republican voters choose in June, they will need to unite behind him before November if the state is to avoid returning to the pre-Kean days of economic stagnation and being the butt of bad jokes from across the Hudson. □

A MAN, A PLAN, AN ELECTION

KEITH E. SCHUETTE

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA—From the perspective of an international observer of the Panamanian elections, the events of May 5-7 are at once heartening and tragic. What bodes well for the people of Panama and for the larger issues of democracy, pluralism, and freedom is that the Panamanian people turned out in huge numbers to participate in an election that was rigged from the outset. The tragedy flows from the violent disregard the Noriega regime displays for the democratic aspirations of the people.

Two points stand out in comparing the Panamanian elections with recent ones in the Philippines and Chile. The first is that General Noriega and his supporters were totally and completely out of touch with reality. They evidently thought that the 15 per cent or so advantage they would receive through the "automatic fraud" built into the electoral law, systematic disfranchise-

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ment, and double-voting would be enough to put them over the top. While this minimal level of fraud would certainly be detectable by observers, the regime no doubt hoped that it would be dismissed or tolerated as "normal" for Panamanian elections.

However, the extraordinary turnout and the strength of the anti-Noriega-Duque vote clogged the system to the point where the only alternative for the regime was first a resort to the most obvious type of fraud—rigged tally sheets—and, later, the annulment of the elections altogether. This indicates that the Noriega forces had not a clue as to their own political weakness. While this might have been expected from an ailing and isolated Ferdinand Marcos in 1986, General Noriega has made a career of knowing the relative strengths and weaknesses of his supporters and his adversaries. The "isolation of dictatorship" seen in so many other cases certainly held true in Panama.

The second comparative point is that the Noriega forces, including the thoroughly dominated electoral tribunal, did not even bother to put a reasonable face on either the preparations for the elections, or the actual elections themselves. The electoral tribunal took steps to discourage international observers—including clear warnings that our safety was at risk unless we accepted government security guards—and gave our observation schedules to the electoral authorities and military officials. On the day after the election, when the rigged tally sheets were being counted, we saw not one sign of remorse, nor even an attempt to conceal the fact that the entire electoral process was being trashed before our very eyes.

DURING THE actual voting we observed a microcosm of the drama being played out nationwide:

—Huge lines of voters in place at 7:00 A.M. when the polls were scheduled to open, only to find that the balloting materials were not at the locations, and would not appear, in some cases, for another two hours;

—Frustration on the part of those who braved these delays in the tropical heat, only to find that their names were not on the list of registrants;

—The inordinate number of elderly people who, in some areas, found themselves unable to vote at their normal location, instead being told that their names appeared on lists for voting locations many miles away;

—A young man whose name did not appear at his normal voting place, but who found that he was assigned to vote on an island near Contadora; he made the trip, and proudly brought back to us late in the day his punched identification card indicating that he had voted on the island;

—The cheers that greeted the arrival of international observers at more remote polling places, and the crowds who rushed to us to thank us for making the effort to support them;

—The frightening experience of seeing the goons of the "Dignity Battalions" gather after midnight around polling places to intercept the legitimate tally sheets en route to the regional counting facilities, and the requests by opposition poll watchers that we accompany them to the counting centers to help assure their personal safety;

—The sounds of gunfire on the day after the elections, but a few hundred yards from our hotel; and our knowing that with each shot, Panamanian democracy was likely to lose yet another supporter;

—And finally, the pleas, on our departure, for us to remain so as not to allow the pro-Noriega forces free rein in the week that followed the elections.

Among some Panamanians, there is a certain resignation—that once again, the military has stolen an election. Among others, and by far the overwhelming majority, is the belief that the process cannot be turned back, that a threshold has been crossed, and that while the price will be dear, democracy will indeed triumph. These people's victory over Noriega is a victory for us all; their defeat by General Noriega's thugs is a defeat for us all, and we will have lost a bit of our freedom if they lose theirs. □

ALL THE WRIGHT MOVES

JOHN H. FUND

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"How was it that this young man could work so long on Capitol Hill for such a prominent member as Jim Wright and attract so little attention, having committed such a crime?"—Paul Duke, host of PBS's *Washington Week in Review*, on May 12.

By now, almost everyone has heard of John Mack, Speaker Wright's top legislative and political aide, who resigned on May 11 after details of his near-fatal 1973 hammer-and-knife attack on a young woman surfaced. The Mack case raises the question: Exactly what kind of people does Jim Wright surround himself with? The answer is a rogues' gallery of sleaze and strangeness.

As a convicted felon Mack could not vote or obtain a security clearance, and yet for the last two and a half years he was the single most important staffer in the House. He earned a congressman's salary of $89,500 a year and was generally conceded to have had more power than 95 per cent of congressmen. He was released from jail after only 27 months because Speaker Wright, to whose daughter his brother was married, wrote a judge on Mack's behalf offering Mack a job.

Even after his resignation, another Mack attack tumbled out of the closet. A caller to a Washington radio station said his present wife was attacked and raped by Mack in a 1972 lover's quarrel. The woman confirmed the story in an interview with the *Washington Post*, saying that she had dropped charges because she felt no one would believe her.

Mr. Mack is not the only past or present Wright aide with an unusual background. The Speaker's $65,000-a-year chief press aide, George Mair, is the author of a curious 1982 work called *The Sex Book Digest: A Peek Between the Covers of 113 of the Most Erotic, Exotic, and Edifying Sex Books.* Among its chapter headings are "Paedophilia: The Radical Case" and "The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe." The

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main lawyer the Speaker has hired to defend himself before the ethics committee, William Oldaker, was suspended from his federal job in the 1970s for falsifying government records.

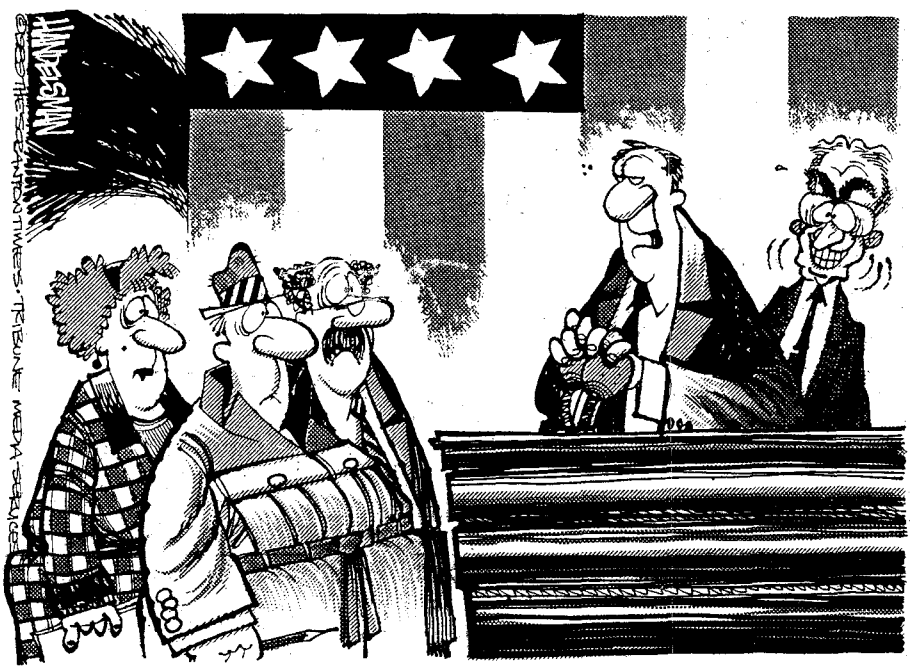
In 1975, the Speaker wrote the judge who was about to sentence his aide Carlos Moore for income-tax evasion in the 1970s. Despite Wright's plea for leniency, Mr. Moore went to prison anyway. Wright's office then hired Mr. Moore's wife as a secretary, and later switched office printing jobs from Congress's normal printer to a firm owned by Mr. and Mrs. Moore. It was Mr. Moore who founded Madison Publishing Company in 1984 for the sole purpose of publishing the Speaker's now famous non-book *Reflections of a Public Man*.

In his testimony to the ethics committee, former aide Matthew Cossoloto described how he helped compile *Reflections*. He noted that after Wright's office learned he would be testifying, he received a phone call from office manager Barbara Roark. After telling him that "Everyone hates you in the office," Miss Roark suggested he not talk to the committee. "You are in Washington, and where are you going to get another job?"

Most of these stories were known to several reporters in Washington, but only the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* and *Washington Times* pursued them. [R. Cort Kirkwood wrote of Mack's past in *NR*, January 22, 1988, "Playing King of the Hill."] *Washington Post* ombudsman Richard Harwood wrote this month that the whole John Mack story "had been ignored—is 'suppressed' too strong a word?—for more than two years by leading journalists in the congressional press galleries." The *Post*'s own story ran only over the objections of its congressional reporters, who called it a "non-story."

The explanation for this kid-glove treatment is found partly in the generally favorable press coverage that Congress received while it became the major obstacle to the Reagan agenda during the 1980s. But, more concretely, congressional staffers have become prime sources for many journalists. As Robert Novak says, congressional reporters will "seldom bite the hand that feeds them."

The complete lack of attention paid to the powerful role congressional staff plays in Washington today raises serious issues of governance. If a college dropout like John Mack can earn $89,500 a year while wielding more power than all but a handful of members of Congress, it's about time that the role staffers play in shaping policy becomes a matter of public debate and record. □



"...I'M SORRY, FOLKS... SPEAKER WRIGHT CAN'T ANSWER ANY FURTHER ALLEGATIONS TODAY...HE'S SPRAINED HIS FACE..."

PERON'S LATEST HURRAH

ERIC EHRMANN

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—One might have thought Argentina's fascination with Peronism would have worn off by now. Juan Perón's first dictatorship was ended after nine years in 1955, when he was overthrown and sent into exile. He was returned to power in 1973, only to die in office the following year, leaving behind him a deteriorating situation that gradually engulfed his widow, "Isabelita," who succeeded him.

But two weeks ago, Argentinians voted for Peronism without Perón when they elected Carlos Saúl Menem president. Menem, who belongs to Perón's own Justicialist party, made his campaign a working-class "Crusade for Dignity." He preached the gospel of Perón's civic religion the length and breadth of the country, promising the underclass a "productivity revolution" and workers *salariazos*—monthly raises, which, when instituted by Perón himself, caused massive inflation.

Menem garnered 49 per cent of the vote, giving him a 12-point margin over his former law-school classmate, Eduardo Angeloz, of the ruling Radical Civic Union. Menem won in large part by negative campaigning, linking his opponent with the disastrous economic policies of President Raúl Alfonsín. Inflation in Argentina is currently at 900 per cent; the *austral*, the new currency launched in June 1985 with a value of $1.20, is today worth one-half cent. Argentina's $58-billion debt is discounted 70 per cent on the secondary market, and she has been cut off from new IMF and World Bank loans. But while Angeloz was guilty by association, Menem has more to do with what ails Argentina.

Eric Ehrmann is a columnist for the Buenos Aires Herald. *His columns on Latin America have appeared in the* Boston Globe *and the* Chicago Tribune.

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Menem's "productivity revolution" comes straight out of Perón's last five-year plan and employs Perón's vague concept of "social property," in which the means of production and natural resources will be divided among the state, private capital, and Peronist workers. State and parastatal industries already produce 55 per cent of the gross domestic product. The General Labor Confederation, which dominates the labor movement, is the largest power block in the Justicialist party.

Under classical Peronism, a party card is a passport to a nation within a nation. Funded by tax money, and by party and union dues, the perquisites of Peronism are channeled to the "organized Peronist communities" (a concept Perón picked up while serving as army attaché to Mussolini's Italy) through the unions and a nationwide network of party offices called "basic units." Access to these benefits, which range from cash, food baskets, child care, and health care to jobs, pensions, and low-cost vacations, is available to "card-carrying" Peronists and members of loyal worker syndicates. Traditionally, the cost of these programs has been passed through to consumers and, like the fabled *salariazos*, has served only to drive inflation skyward.

Under Perón and the succeeding juntas, Argentina's government evolved into an administrative octopus whose tentacles squeezed tribute from every element of national life. With the government acting as the patron saint of employment, resistance to the structural reforms called for by the multilateral lenders became a patriotic duty. This thinking has been perpetuated by the *patria financiera*, the ultranationalist economic interests—including bankers, industrialists, and ranchers—who closely hold much of the nation's capital; they backed the Falklands war, and remain the behind-the-scenes beneficiaries of the state-dominated economy.

Menem also benefited from endorsements by Colonel Mohamed Ali Sineldín and Lieutenant Colonel Aldo Rico, who, between them, are responsible for three mutinies that nearly toppled the Alfonsín government. Thanks to laws that prohibit soldiers from boosting their income through second (or third) jobs, unlike featherbedding Peronists and others in the country, they were able to Peronize large numbers of officers and NCOs, and they threatened a coup if Angeloz won. Perhaps this is why Menem made a habit, during the campaign, of saying, "I already feel that I am president." When nearly one million Peronists massed in city centers throughout the country after the polls had closed, Angeloz conceded although less than 50 per cent of the vote had been counted.

Menem has promised a pluralistic government, though both the Radicals and the Peronists have previously tried to establish a one-party state when in power. Peronism would not seem to lend itself easily to power-sharing: party membership is granted only to those who believe in another party catchword, "verticalism"—the ability to follow orders passed down from the top. Perhaps Perón's most famous words are, "When I decide, I exclude." The Peronists control 17 of the 22 state governorships—it was their victories in the September 1987 elections that forced Alfonsín to halt interest payments on the debt.

It is unlikely that Menem, hobbled by his promises and the necessity of pleasing the General Labor Confederation, will deal with national problems much better than Alfonsín did. After all, Peronists joined together with the *patria* and a group of opportunistic young Radicals over the last few years to frustrate Alfonsín's attempts at reform. An offer by Scandinavian Airlines Systems (SAS) to buy 40 per cent of Aerolineas Argentinas, the state-owned airline, was killed in congress. The sale of 40 per cent of Entel, the government telephone monopoly, to Telefonica of Spain was also rejected. With only nine years of proven oil reserves, Alfonsín attempted to engage the help of foreign companies in the petroleum exploration effort through the Houston Plan, but Yacimientos Petroleos Fiscales (YPF), the big daddy of all Argentine state-owned companies, offered only marginal drilling sites for lease to "foreigners."

A more hopeful sign, however, was the strong showing made in the election by the Center Democratic Union (UCD), a growing pro-business party. The UCD's Adelina de Viola even won election to congress from the Federal Capital District. The UCD should keep some pressure on Menem to hold down big government. The example next door of Chile, where free-market policies have stopped capital flight and helped reduce the annual inflation rate to 10 per cent, may also penetrate.

THE NEXT six months will be crucial: refusing to work with Alfonsín on a plan to stabilize the economy until his constitutional term of office expires in December, the Peronists are clamoring for Menem to take power now. With *la City*—the financial district of Buenos Aires—in total disarray and bank holidays frequent, pressure from all quarters may force Alfonsín to transfer power five months early, on Argentina's July 9 Independence Day. In spite of the economic crisis, the Peronists are once again showing their traditional proclivity for abrogating the constitution. And Menem, whose previous experience consists of governing an economically distressed province with a population smaller than that of Wilmington, Delaware, must learn on the job how to govern a nation of thirty million.

That prior experience does have at least one merit, however. Menem understands that a redress of the balance of power between Buenos Aires and other provinces, on whose lifeblood it has been feeding for decades, is a primary prerequisite for a healthy economic future. And, fresh to the industrial/trade-union wing of the Justicialist party and the nation, he may be able to break out of the corporativist/syndicalist mindset, and perhaps to transform the party from a personality cult into a truly democratic institution.

None of this will be done overnight. And it will require Menem to turn away from his own most inflammatory rhetoric—including foreign-policy positions such as embracing the PLO, as well as Justicialist economic dogma. If he does so, the international community would be wise to give him some breathing room. Placing Argentine defense forces in UN peacekeeping commands and more fully integrating the armed forces with what U.S. Southern Commander General Fred Woerner calls NATO's "southern flank" would help both domestic and international stability. And while the U.S. should exercise extreme caution in sending fresh cash to Buenos Aires, groups such as the National Endowment for Democracy could be effective there. Menem is a troubled nation's freely elected leader, and needs all the help he can get. □

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WILLIAM BENNETT

Nearly everyone agrees our nation has a drug problem;
the question is what to do about it.
Decriminalization? More education? Capital punishment for pushers, à la Malaysia?
The new drug czar has the simplest, most difficult solution.

DRUG CZAR IN SEARCH OF A THRONE

WILLIAM McGURN

HERE ON THE TOP FLOOR of an unassuming office block at 1825 Connecticut Avenue, America's new drug czar has set up shop. By the standards of imperial Washington it is hardly a throne: standard Government Services Administration-issue furniture, a few simple photos of his family, and today, in celebration of his just-born second son, Joseph, someone has tied a balloon to his chair. Sharing shelf space with the collected papers of everyone from Madison to Cardinal Newman are autographed footballs from the Kansas City Chiefs and Denver Broncos.

Welcome to the command center for the White House's declared war on drugs. In the hot seat is William John Bennett, the controversial Reagan Administration Secretary of Education, who was confirmed as the Bush Administration's director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy in March. A beefy former college lineman who long ago traded in his cleats for a doctorate in philosophy and a Harvard law degree, the 45-year-old Mr. Bennett is no less imposing in pinstripes. He needs to be. At a time when teenage dope dealers walk around with beepers and suppliers often have more firepower than the police, even well-wishers worry that the drug czar has been sent into battle with no arsenal. Before Mr. Bennett can launch his attacks on the streets he faces enormous bureaucratic hurdles. In addition to the squabbling between law-enforcement agencies and the executive branch that appointed him, the new czar is faced with 53 House committees and subcommittees and 21 Senate panels all cutting into his domain.

The difficulty is that beneath the almost universally shared conviction that America has a serious drug problem, there is no consensus about how to attack it. From some quarters comes the traditional cry for more spending on education. Law-and-order types point to the virtual impunity with which pushers as well as users operate. Libertarians make a case for legalization as a means of control. Mr. Bennett's willingness to consider any program that has demonstrated some success has only fanned the flames of this debate; today, for example, the front pages here are filled with his talk about "boot camps" for young drug offenders.

Although he will not be delivering his policy manifesto until September, Mr. Bennett is making it clear that his own priority is fundamental: the restoration of authority. Between now and the end of June the director will be making a number of speeches setting forth his principles on various aspects of drug policy, but the overriding emphasis on the restoration of the authority of parents, the communities, and, yes, the government was spelt out in a keynote address on May 3 to the Washington Hebrew Congregation. It is a particularly conservative message, in that the director is saying that however crucial his own role may be it is nonetheless a supplementary one.

"The most important part of this is not governmental," says Mr. Bennett, sitting before a basket of sugarless lollipops there to help him fight off the cigarette habit. "The most important part is the volunteer army of good people —parents, priests, rabbis, teachers, older siblings.

"It's more likely they can win the war without us than we can win it without them."

TO A NUMBER OF PEOPLE it might appear most likely of all that no one will win it. Although new studies are about to appear showing certain categories of drug use down, the advent of crack—a cocaine derivative that goes for about $5 a "rock"—has dramatically expanded the drug market by bringing the price within the reach of even the poorest American. The social costs are tremendous. The Research Triangle Institute estimated that these costs amounted to $59.7 billion in 1983, about a third of which was crime related. The arrival of crack has doubtless pushed this figure even higher, increasing violence and giving support to the argument that the best approach is to reduce the risk to innocent bystanders through decriminalization for adults.

"There are consequences of legalization that don't make me happy," says Doug Bandow, senior fellow at the Cato Institute and author of *Beyond Good Intentions: A Biblical View of Politics*. "On the other hand, I think the war on drugs has been lost. The Reagan Administration spent $20 billion on drug enforcement and cocaine supplies doubled. That should tell you something." Mr. Bandow argues that the current set-up has the effect of pulling kids into criminal circles early on.

But Mr. Bennett isn't buying. The ascendancy of crack,

Mr. McGurn is NR's new Washington editor.

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he says, has given the "knock-down" punch to legalization by altering the entire drug landscape. Dr. Mark Gold, director of research at Fair Oaks Hospital and founder of the National Cocaine Helpline (800-COCAINE), agrees. "Cocaine changed everything dramatically and crack changed cocaine," he says. "What crack has done is introduce a dose that previously was taken only by intravenous drug users." In contrast to drugs such as heroin, moreover, cocaine makes people irritable and violence-prone. With somewhere between 30 per cent and 50 per cent of inner-city babies born under the influence of drugs, adds Dr. Gold, even were cocaine eliminated today we would still have a "whole lifetime of consequences ahead of us."

The drug czar concedes that legalizing drugs would probably eliminate the gang wars between rival suppliers. But he argues that the costs would outweigh that benefit. To name one, usage would certainly jump with legalization, and that too is not without its attendant crime problems. The Justice Department reports that drug use is far greater among offenders than non-offenders, for instance, and that two out of five prison inmates were under the influence of drugs or very drunk around the time of their offense. Given the effect of crack in fostering aggression, violent crime would be bound to increase. These and other practical concerns help form Mr. Bennett's case against legalization. But none of them make sense without reference to his overriding belief that the first responsibility of government is to hold the moral line. "Yes, 24 million Americans do illegal drugs every month," he says. "But that leaves 220 million who don't, and for some the fact that it's against the law makes them hesitate."

Holding the moral line is especially crucial in the inner cities, for although drug use is by no means confined to these areas, they bear the brunt of drug-related crime. In fact, as one of Mr. Bennett's staffers suggests, one of the most surprising things is how tightly confined the problem actually is. This in turn has had tragic implications for the people, mostly blacks, who are stuck in these areas: while suburban users return to their white picket fences at night, inner-city dwellers have to live day to day with the dealers fighting over turf, the users who steal to support their habit, and the general decline in order. These are the people who are suffering for our past permissiveness.

"In terms of random violence, the shooting of what they call mushrooms—innocent bystanders—it's not in the suburbs, it's not in white America, it is largely in black America," says the czar. "Yet you do not sense the outrage here from the liberal community. Some are more concerned with getting Ollie North behind bars than with getting some dealer who destroys the lives of black children."

At that, Mr. Bennett points out, the figures suggest black families are doing better than they're usually given credit for. At 14 per cent of all drug users, blacks are represented only slightly more heavily among the drug-using population than among the population at large. Yet the black child has, as Mr. Bennett puts it, "more occasions of sin" in that he is twice as likely to have been offered drugs as a white child. In this light, Mr. Bennett says, the black mother has been doing a pretty good job. It's the government that has dropped the ball.

He's pretty specific about where the government has fumbled, and it has little to do with this or that program, or the length of jail sentences. The government failed by failing to back up the parents, teachers, coaches, cops, and ministers who were telling their children drugs were a bad thing. On a special episode of *Nightline*, broadcast from Our Lady of Perpetual Help in the Anacostia section of Washington, D.C., the drug czar referred to two particularly egregious examples of this. One was a report by a task force led by then-Vice President Nelson Rockefeller that falsely stated that "cocaine is not physically addictive." The other was a statement by Jimmy Carter's advisor on drugs, Dr. Peter Bourne, who said that "cocaine is probably the most benign of illicit drugs currently in widespread use" and decried the Drug Enforcement Agency's "obsession" with trying to curb it. (Dr. Bourne was forced to resign in 1978 over an illegal prescription for Quaaludes he had written for a 25-year-old assistant.) How, Mr. Bennett asks, can "Just Say No" sound convincing when even the White House is saying, Maybe?

"It was the collapse of government authority—giving permission for people to take drugs—that is responsible for the whirlwind around us today," he says, punctuating his words with gestures in a manner that gives him away as the teacher he once was. "The only people who kept the faith were parents and law-enforcement people."

Indeed, one of the canards about the drug problem is that the cops aren't doing their job out there. The cops are more than pulling their weight. Here in Washington, for example, Chief of Police Maurice Turner noted that in Operation Clean Sweep his men made more than 47,000 arrests. The problem is that only about 10 per cent of

DRUG CZAR CHECKS OUT POSSIBLE SITE FOR 500-BED PRETRIAL DETENTION FACILITY...

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the people arrested ever went to jail, because the system is overburdened: not enough jails, not enough prosecutors, not enough judges, stenos, etc. The end result is that the bad guys are getting away with it.

"I'm not a person who says that the first purpose of punishment is rehabilitation," says Mr. Bennett with characteristic bluntness. "The first purpose is moral, to exact a price for transgressing the rights of others." If this price is to be paid, he says, the country needs more prisons for those arrested, and users must be punished along with dealers. The czar's insistence on both these aspects has drawn fire from those who complain his answer is to erect a "police state." These are the regulars who pop up on TV to argue that trying to solve the drug problem by locking people up is a cliché; does Mr. Bennett really think we can build enough jails to hold the 24 million American drug users?

'Look, there are only two solutions to drugs,' says Irving Kristol. 'Either people control it themselves, or they need coercion. Both work.'

But Mr. Bennett is not backing down, and he counters that the objection to stepped-up law enforcement has itself become a cliché—one without any supporting evidence, moreover. Like most conservatives he argues that people will change their behavior when incentives change. "You don't have to prosecute the entire drug-using population, because punishment does deter," he says. "We know that the toughest schools, which are firm about expelling people, don't have to expel all that many." It's a matter of letting the bad guys know that the good guys are serious.

There is even a strong medical argument in favor of punishment. Dr. Forest Tennant, drug advisor to the National Football League and executive director of the Los Angeles-based Community Health Projects Medical Group —one of the largest drug-addiction treatment programs in the nation—flatly states that no anti-drug effort is going to work without making users go to jail. Both he and Dr. Gold note that most users do not enter treatment without some coercion, and that those undergoing treatment are prone to lapses. "Do you know that there are only two states that have laws where addicts can be arrested for using?" asks Dr. Tennant. "We need to return to a system of accountability where users are identified and arrested. It wasn't a perfect system but it served us well. So I think Mr. Bennett is on the right track."

Ironically, perhaps the biggest obstacles in Mr. Bennett's path are the self-same "structures of authority" he is hoping to revive. He is not sure, for example, whether the churches "are going to be as strong as they should be," themselves weakened and enervated in the last two decades. The good news is that those who do make the effort can make a difference. On that same special broadcast of *Nightline* a representative from Louis Farrakhan's the Nation of Islam drew attention to his group's success in a housing development called Mayfair Mansions.

This is a circular island of apartments off Route 295 in Northeast Washington; because of its strategic location it was a staging area for drugs coming into the District of Columbia. People would drive in, pull up to the 7-Eleven, and make their calls. The Nation of Islam became interested in the area's problem when it purchased space for a mosque and started talking to residents. Its solution was to form voluntary drug patrols—unarmed, its spokesmen emphasize—to deal with the outsiders who were coming into the area to buy and sell drugs.

"Our approach was to go up to people just milling about and ask if they lived there," says Dr. Abdul Alim Muhammad, a well-spoken man dressed in a grey suit with a white shirt and purple bow tie. "If not, we'd ask if we could escort them to the edge of the grounds." The group also went to the landlord and got help in evicting eight people whose apartments were used as crack houses: almost immediately, the drug problem in the housing development ended, and with it crime diminished. (It's interesting to note the doctor's comment that because the houses were privately owned it was much easier to get evictions.) For obvious reasons that have nothing to do with drugs, William Bennett is not going to lend the Nation of Islam his imprimatur by coming down to the area, but the lesson is well worth pondering. It takes no special skills for a determined community to rid itself of drugs and reclaim its streets—provided it is serious.

"LOOK, THERE ARE only two solutions to drugs," says Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest* and a mentor to Mr. Bennett. "Either people control it themselves—and for that they need structures of authority —or they need coercion. Both work. The question is whether you want to do it just with force and without any civil liberties or whether you want to get people to have enough respect for themselves and the institutions around them and do it themselves."

These institutions—the ones best placed to fight this war —are the institutions of everyday life: the family, the church, the school, and so on, all of which have taken a battering these last two decades. As Dr. Gold points out, people who come from intact families, who are involved in their communities, who go to church, and who believe drugs are bad for them are less likely to use them. The question now is whether these institutions are up to the fight ahead of them. Unlike President Bush, who said in his inaugural address that the drug scourge will be stopped, his czar says more modestly that it *can* be stopped.

Back in his makeshift office on Connecticut Avenue, a framed letter from Walker Percy hangs on the wall behind his desk. In this handwritten note, dating from the director's days as Secretary of Education, the novelist urged him to "hang in there" because "we need you." Today the director has turned that message around and now addresses it to the nation. For his part Bill Bennett promises only that the "people in the trenches" will no longer be on their own. "At least while I'm in office," he says, "the American people can know that we're going to be unequivocal and back them up." □

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SYMPOSIUM

Is our national savings rate a national disaster?
Only, says Professor Friedman, if you believe government knows more about what individuals want than they know themselves.
Seven eminent economists and businessmen express a wide range of agreement and demurral.

WHAT IS THE 'RIGHT' AMOUNT OF SAVING?

MILTON FRIEDMAN

"THE U.S. IS SAVING too little." That has become the battle cry of the doom-and-gloomers of all shades of opinion—left, right, and center. Low saving, we are told, condemns the U.S. to becoming a second-rate nation, or even a banana republic. It threatens our future standard of living, and imposes unjustified burdens on future generations.

How fashions change! By chance, I recently came across notes of a course on business cycles that I taught nearly half a century ago (in 1940). Glancing through the notes, I was struck by how much attention I paid to what was then the favorite battle cry: We're saving too much. Class period after class period was devoted to describing and criticizing the now nearly forgotten under-consumption theories of the business cycle.

Then as now, the concern was with maintaining economic growth. However, the perceived threat was not too little saving to finance investment, but too little consumption to provide an incentive to invest. Unless consumers spent more lavishly, we were doomed—or so we were told—to secular stagnation. The railroad revolution had come and gone, the automobile and electric-power revolutions had come and gone, and no comparable new industries were in sight to absorb the potential savings of a fully employed economy—so spake the prophets, Alvin Hansen and John Maynard Keynes. Only a sharp rise in the propensity to consume or large doses of government deficit spending could fill the gap left by the exhaustion of investment opportunities.

In fact, the alleged "oversaving" of the 1930s did not condemn us to "secular stagnation" and permanent high levels of unemployment. No more will the alleged "undersaving" of the 1980s condemn us to low growth and a declining standard of living. That may be our fate but, if so, for very different reasons.

A "shortage of investment opportunities," if it had existed, would have produced a market reaction in the form of lower interest rates, which would have encouraged investment in lower-yielding projects—including investment abroad—and discouraged savings. Similarly, the currently much deplored reduction in the propensity to save, if it exists, combined with ample investment opportunities, is working its own cure by keeping interest rates high enough to moderate any reduction in saving, to attract capital from abroad, and to discourage investment in low-yielding projects. These and related market reactions are adequate to avoid the dire consequences that are the stock in trade of the doom-and-gloomers who are always in our midst.

AS PRESCRIPTIONS FOR POLICY, both the earlier and the current battle cries rest on an unstated, and I believe fallacious, assumption: that it is a proper function of government to determine the level of saving. The proponents of this view seldom attempt to justify it except by citing the dire consequences that are alleged to follow from failure to achieve the "right" level of saving. And they never specify what they regard as the "right" level of saving—just calling for less and less, or more and more—nor do they even discuss the criteria that can be used to decide what the "right" level is.

Currently, net saving in the United States is about 1.5 per cent of the national income. This is the excess of private net saving of 3.5 per cent of the national income over government dissaving of about 2 per cent. (These figures are all rough estimates and, in my view, seriously understate the actual value of the addition to the nation's physical wealth correctly measured, but that is not relevant to my present purpose so I shall here regard these figures as correct.*) If 1.5 per cent is too low, what is the right level? Is it the roughly 15 per cent reported as saved by the Japanese? Or the roughly 10 per cent reported as saved by the West Germans? Or the roughly 4 per cent reported as saved by the British? How are we to judge?

As a classical liberal, my answer is straightforward. The right level—at least to a first approximation—is the level that would emerge if all the separate households were free to divide their income between current and future

Mr. Friedman, a Nobel laureate, is a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution and professor emeritus of economics at the University of Chicago.

*The published estimate is the difference between two large, independently estimated aggregates—income and consumption—which explains why it is "rough." The major biases leading to understatement are two: first, the treatment of spending on automobiles and other durable goods as current consumption; second, the exclusion from income and hence from saving of any capital gains, whether nominal or real.

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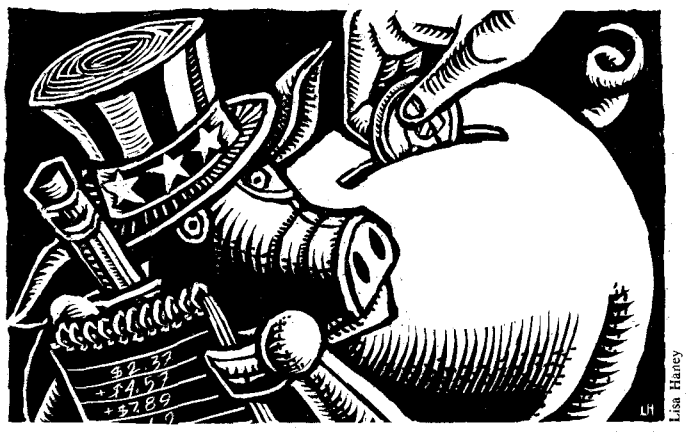

consumption in accordance with their own values, provided only that the terms on which they could do so were not distorted and did not impose uncompensated costs or benefits on other households—in economic jargon, if there were no external effects.

Suppose, to take an extreme case for the sake of argument, the end result was zero saving: that is, given the rate of return on capital, the members of the community on the average did not regard the reward from saving as sufficient to justify sacrificing current consumption in order that they or their progeny could have still higher consumption in the future. Some households might be spending on consumption more than they were currently earning, for example, those composed of older persons or of young persons with young children; other households might be spending on consumption less than they were currently earning, for example, those composed of persons at their peak earnings with few dependents. But dissaving and saving would just offset one another. Would there be anything wrong with that outcome?

The critics will say, But that would mean no growth. Perhaps so, but what is wrong with that? If the members of the community are satisfied on the average with their present level of living and do not wish to economize in order that they or their progeny can have a still higher level tomorrow, whom are they harming? Not themselves, since any household that disagrees with the consensus is free to save and to provide a higher future level of living for itself or its heirs. But, we shall be told, that means other nations may catch up to our current high level of living and indeed may surpass us. Again, on individualistic grounds, what of it? If keeping up with the Joneses is less than admirable for individuals, why is it different for nations?

A rational answer must call on external effects: unintended results of the separate individual actions. And indeed there are some that may need to be considered. The most obvious is national security. If we fall behind other nations, and those nations are our enemies, we may be unable to finance a large enough defense effort. In principle, this is a valid argument. However, in current circumstances, there are two obvious answers. First, as it happens, our leading competitors—Japan and the Common Market countries—are our allies, not our enemies. If they get richer, that benefits us through the widening range of international trade, and enables us to improve our defenses, while at the same time it enhances the defensive capacities of these allies as well. Second, we now spend only about 6 per cent of our income on defense. Surely, if necessary, we could increase that substantially out of our current level of income.

Other effects of this kind are vaguer, and I find myself hard put to identify any for which I can readily make a persuasive case. For what other purpose are some of us justified in forcing others of us to save?

And that is especially true if we shift from the extreme case that I posed to the real world. In that world, households are not free to choose between current and future consumption on terms that are technically possible. The terms are distorted, and distorted in such a way as to discourage savings. Out of every dollar of income earned in the United States, a substantial fraction goes to finance government spending. The households that have earned the income cannot use that fraction for either current or future consumption. Further, the taxes imposed are not neutral but tend to be biased against saving. Nonetheless, net saving in the United States has been consistently positive for the past two centuries, except only during deep depressions, and is positive today, though lower than it has generally been in the past. That is a remarkable phenomenon, attributable, I believe, to the high rate of return on capital that a free private-market economy—even one hobbled as ours has been by unwise government spending and intervention—can generate.

The policy implications of the classical liberal viewpoint are clear. We jointly decide to transfer part of our income to government to spend on our behalf. Whether that decision be made wisely or not, it is desirable that government finance its spending in such a way as to minimize the distortion in the incentive for us to save the rest of our income or spend it on consumption. It is not easy to specify precisely the method of taxation that would have that effect, but the objective is clear: to avoid interfering with our freedom to choose how much we want to save out of the income that is left to us after financing government spending so long as we do not interfere with the ability of our fellows to do likewise.

The government has no business meddling in our family planning: whether about how many heirs we have or how much wealth we choose to leave them. □

Herbert Stein

I APPRECIATE Professor Friedman's position on the amount of saving. I used to take that position myself, but I now have many questions about it.

The policy significance of the question about the right amount of saving is whether the effect on total national saving should be considered in decisions about the character of taxation, about Social Security, and about the size of the federal budget surplus or deficit. The current issue is mainly about the size of the surplus or deficit. People

Mr. Stein, a former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, is currently with the American Enterprise Institute. His most recent book is Governing the $5-Trillion Economy *(Oxford University Press).*

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who say we need more saving are saying that we need to eliminate the deficit and get to a surplus.

I will start with Friedman's proposition that the right amount of saving is what would emerge from the sum of the decisions of all individual households if these decisions were not distorted, presumably by government actions, and if there were no externalities. I agree with that. But, as he says, there are distortions, from the tax system and from Social Security.

These distortions are not all accidents or mistakes, in my opinion. They result in part from an attempt to achieve equity and express compassion. To say that these distortions should be removed in order to achieve the "right" amount of saving implies a decision about the relative importance of saving as compared with these other values. That is, it already implies some notion of the right amount of national saving.

In any case, these distortions of the private savings decisions do exist and probably will continue to do so for some time. What then? Is the right amount of saving the amount that emerges from private decisions in the *presence* of these distortions? I don't see any reason to think that, and Friedman does not say it is.

Some people have suggested that government should take steps to achieve the total amount of national saving that would emerge if there were no distortions. It is proposed that we should have a budget surplus big enough to offset the effects of taxes and Social Security in depressing private investment. Congressman Bill Gradison, for example, has calculated that that would require a budget surplus equal to 3.5 per cent of GNP. This suggestion has some appeal, but it is not entirely logical. The classical liberal argument about the supply of saving, to which Friedman refers, is that private choices will generate the right amount of saving for each household, which will add up to the right national total. But this argument does not say that the same total of saving would be optimum if it were not distributed among households in the way that would result from undistorted private choices.

So I do not think we can escape consideration, implicit or explicit, of the right amount of national saving. In the end we come to the question of externalities. Professor Friedman recognizes that there might be a case for more saving to promote growth on national-security grounds—the elemental example of an externality. He says that the case does not apply to the United States in the 1980s, and I agree with him, but that is an ad-hoc argument, not one of principle.

The question is whether, if there could be a case for more saving and more growth on national-security grounds, there could be such a case on other grounds. The national-security argument is that if 51 per cent of the people are violently opposed to living under the Soviets, they are entitled to tax the other 49 per cent to pay for defense, even though the 49 per cent may not mind or may even prefer Soviet rule. Suppose 51 per cent of the people want very much for their grandchildren to live in a country where not only are they rich and getting richer but everyone else is also rich and getting richer. It seems to me that if the 51 per cent have this preference, if they understand the costs of satisfying it in terms of forgoing present consumption or in other terms, there is no reason in principle to reject their claim.

One can argue that this claim would not be sensible in the United States in the 1980s—we are already rich, we have every expectation that our grandchildren will be richer, and anyway, rich isn't everything. But that would be an ad-hoc argument, like the one about national security, and it already accepts that we have a collective decision to make. I am disagreeing with Professor Friedman's point that we, collectively, have no business even thinking about whether national saving should be greater or smaller. □

Robert M. Solow

EVERYTHING PROFESSOR FRIEDMAN says at the beginning, about how those who disagreed with him in 1940 claimed there was too much saving for the country's good while those who disagree with him now claim there is too little saving for the country's good, thus

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revealing themselves as a bunch of flibbertigibbets who share only a belief in government interference in our lives —all that is an unworthy debating trick.

In 1940 the country had just been through a decade of tragically high unemployment and low production. Real investment in plant and equipment had all but vanished. The unemployment rate was still nearly 15 per cent in 1940. It was not a great advertisement for the automatic adjustment process on which Professor Friedman rests his optimism. A reasonable person might have concluded that more spending on goods and services, whether from the private sector or from agencies of government, would help to increase production and employment by improving the market prospects of business firms.

That is not our problem today. The economy is prosperous. But the national saving rate is quite low by historical standards, and investment has been maintained by borrowing abroad. This does not look much like the considered carrying out of Americans' intertemporal preferences. It looks more like the result of the irresponsible fiscal policy of the Reagan Administration.

To have thought that the danger was oversaving in 1940 and undersaving now is no more paradoxical than to have heard from your doctor when you were twenty that you were exercising too much and to hear from her now, at seventy, that you are exercising too little.

Professor Friedman's real argument appears to be that he does not think there is any such thing as "civil society," having interests other than military interests in which a free people might acquiesce even if those interests are not identical with their own private wishes as individuals. It does not seem so strange to me that people, thinking as citizens, might say to themselves and to each other: We are mortals with a lifespan of seventy to eighty years, but we are also the temporary trustees of a society that may go on for centuries. We care about our children and grandchildren, of course. But it is possible that, in our private actions, we give inadequate weight to the needs of still more remote generations who are hardly real to us as persons. In this light, one might vote for a higher national saving and investment rate much as one might, in a national emergency, vote to conscript everyone, including oneself, though one would not volunteer if there were no conscription.

Nor does it seem relevant that it is so difficult to define and estimate a "best" national saving rate. Of course it is difficult; nothing could be more complex. It would be silly to hold that 1.5 per cent is too low, and that the figure should be 1.6 per cent. But it is not silly at all to suggest that 1.5 per cent is too low and we could use something much higher. We could try it and see if we like it. Parents bringing up children have to choose a policy somewhere between absolute permissiveness and absolute authoritarianism. I don't suppose they can ever know the "best" policy, especially since it may differ from child to child. Most of them do not on that account give up, let alone go to one extreme or the other. They talk it over, observe the

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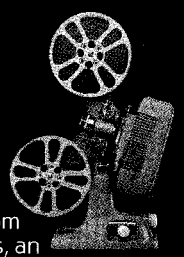

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experience of others, and make a change if that seems appropriate.

It is true, of course, that you can provide for your own descendants by making bequests, though I wish Professor Friedman cared more for the grandchildren of those who have little to leave, or even for the grandchildren of the well-off but improvident. I did not know that it was a tenet of "classical liberalism" that grandparents are fully entitled to dispose of their grandchildren's future. But there is more to be said. The earning capacity of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, when they enter the labor market, will depend on their productivity and therefore on the aggregate amount of investment that their whole generation inherits. I cannot affect that as an individual. It does not seem an unworthy consideration for a citizen. □

Evan G. Galbraith

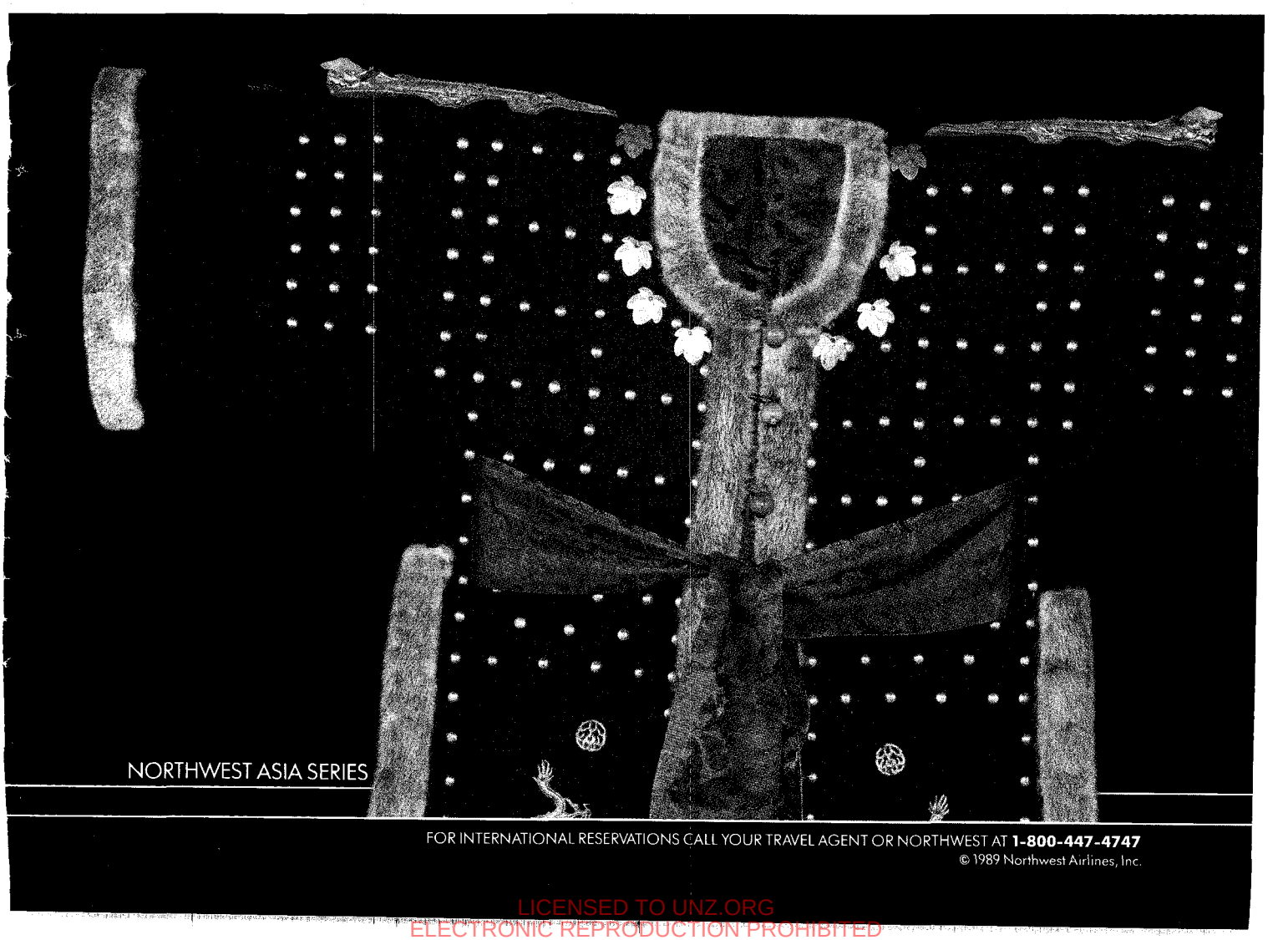
MILTON FRIEDMAN is quite right to ridicule those with a hidden agenda who use "saving" to divert attention from the success of Ronald Reagan's economic policy. Mr. Friedman could have cut even deeper: not only is it difficult to measure personal saving or to determine the amount individuals should save, the ratio of personal saving to personal income is simply the wrong way to judge saving.

Saving is important because it is the basis for investment, and investment plus work produces growth and improved standards of living. The Department of Commerce's national income accounts divides gross private saving into gross business saving and personal saving with only 20 per cent being personal saving, the balance being the undistributed cash flow of businesses. Thus to argue about personal saving is to ignore the most important element in saving and the most important source for what is called gross private domestic investment (GPDI).

What we ultimately must look at is the mirror image of gross savings, i.e., gross investment (GI). Has GI diminished because a shortage of savings has made the cost of capital too high? The answer is no. As is pointed out in the *Economic Report to the President 1989*, GPDI grew at an average rate of 10.5 per cent per annum during the Reagan expansion, more than a full percentage point faster than the average growth in previous expansions, and GPDI has maintained its average postwar ratio to gross national product.

Moreover, we cannot ignore foreign saving. In the national income accounts, GI consists of GPDI and net foreign investment. All types of foreign investors are anxious to invest in the United States. The doom-and-gloomers Mr. Friedman refers to would have it that foreigners invest here only because they are forced to by our trade deficit. The fact is that the American economy is much

Mr. Galbraith, who was President Reagan's ambassador to France, is now with the investment-banking firm of Morgan Stanley.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admired, and the policies that created our record-breaking economic expansion are being copied around the world. Our trade deficit is a creature of our economic strength, and we are fortunate that the dollar savings pool dedicated to investments in the United States is worldwide.

There are no short-cuts to growth. We must work and invest capital. Government obstacles—taxes, regulation, etc. —to these two components of growth have diminished in the last eight years, and as a consequence more people are working and more capital is being invested than ever before in our history. Job creation will continue and capital will keep being invested in the United States so long as our government does not revert to the old ways advocated by the doom-and-gloomers. □

Peter G. Peterson

EVER SINCE I was fortunate enough to be one of Milton Friedman's students at the University of Chicago, I have always held his wisdom in highest regard. So naturally, when I differ from his viewpoint—as I do here —I cannot help bringing to bear some of his insights.

Milton assumes that our current rate of net national savings (scarcely *one-third* of the rate for the rest of the industrial world during the 1980s) reflects the aggregate sum of free choices by private households, and that the outcome is therefore socially optimal. Milton once taught me to start out by examining assumptions. Examining his, I find them impossible to accept given the massive public policies that depress our savings below what free and informed private choice might dictate.

There is, of course, the 2 to 3 per cent of our GNP in public-sector deficits—negative savings—which already offsets about half of our private savings. But public-sector deficits are only the tip of the iceberg. To an extent unequaled anywhere else in the industrial world, our tax structure penalizes savings and rewards borrowing, especially with regard to housing. Further, our system of *unfunded* public transfer payments between generations weakens one of the strongest of all incentives for private saving: retirement. Our Federal Government currently labors under some $10 trillion in unfunded pension, Social Security, and health-care-benefit liabilities to future retirees—a sum about five times as large as our official national debt. Private working households act as if their Social Security and other old-age benefits in fact are savings, and thus reduce their own savings, even though the "pay-as-you-go" funding of these programs means that no corresponding public saving takes place.

Given this formidable public involvement in our national savings behavior, is it fair to assume with Milton that our current national savings rate represents any sort of "private" choice, let alone one that is "optimal"? I think not. I doubt that we would privately choose to save so little, just as I doubt that our public sector (with a two-year electoral cycle) devotes anywhere near the same attention to the future as private households (with a child-raising time horizon of twenty to thirty years).

It could be argued, of course, that we get, through the voting booth, precisely what we want. As voters free to choose, maybe we like to dissave publicly much of what we try to save privately. But that implies that voters, like buyers, are making truly informed choices. Most Americans, deceived by opportunistic politicians and dishonest accounting, don't even know about our massive unfunded liabilities and wrongly still believe, for example, that Social Security is a fully funded insurance system from which the participants just get back what they put in plus interest. Nor does the "you can have it all" supply-side orthodoxy inform them that less saving today necessarily translates into a lower standard of living tomorrow.

We must not fool ourselves. Lower domestic saving means lower investment, lower productivity, lower growth, and a lower standard of living—*unless* we borrow from abroad to invest. The more in hock we are to Tokyo and Bonn, of course, the more of our production and real assets we must ship to them as debt service, and the more our interest rates and economy are hostage to the psychology of foreign investors and central bankers. And we are piling up all the costs and vulnerabilities of foreign borrowing without even its potential benefits, since we mainly borrow from abroad to finance consumption, *not* investment.

It is questionable at best that Americans are making "an informed choice" to substitute, at the margin, an additional $100 of consumption today at the cost of $15 less income in *every* future year for themselves and their children. It is far more likely—as Milton himself has pointed out with regard to so many other government policies, from tariffs to regulation—that such an outcome victimizes a large number of the invisible and unorganized (namely, our children and the unborn) for the benefit of a smaller number who are both visible and organized. We cannot guess what challenges they may face. All we can do is decide whether they will face them with or without the assistance of our savings endowment.

Our Founding Fathers may have had such thoughts in mind when they explicitly framed a government "for ourselves *and* our posterity." Possibly, they intended special public provision for "posterity" beyond what private households would choose. Without a doubt, they intended a

Lisa Haney

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public sector that would at least refrain from actively undermining what private households are struggling to do on their own. □

Antonio Martino

PROFESSOR FRIEDMAN'S brilliant analysis brought back memories of the not-so-distant past, when the intellectual climate in many countries was dominated by Keynesian prophecies of doom. Twenty-five years ago I wrote my dissertation under the supervision of a Keynesian economist, and I distinctly remember the common wisdom of the time.

The consensus was that market economies were inevitably headed toward a disastrous recession, for the reasons spelled out by Keynes in the *General Theory*: "For a poor community will be prone to consume by far the greater part of its output, so that a very modest measure of investment will be sufficient to provide full employment; whereas a wealthy community will have to discover much ampler opportunities for investment." This was, however, unlikely: "Not only is the marginal propensity to consume weaker in a wealthy community, but, owing to its accumulation of capital being already larger, the opportunities for further investment are less attractive." Nothing less than an inexorable law of historical destiny was leading us toward disaster: "there has been a chronic tendency throughout human history for the propensity to save to be stronger than the inducement to invest. The weakness of the inducement to invest has been at all times the key to the economic problem. . . . The desire of the individual to augment his personal wealth by abstaining from consumption has usually been stronger than the inducement to the entrepreneur to augment the national wealth by employing labor on the construction of durable assets."

In other words, according to Keynes and his numerous followers, savings were destined to exceed investments at a "full employment" level of income, so that, unless the government adopted an "active fiscal policy" (i.e., deficit spending), disaster would inevitably occur. This kind of doomsaying was, understandably, very popular with politicians, who could use it as a theoretical justification for their propensity to spend and spend without the need to tax. The dramatic growth of government during the last decades in the Western world is due more to Keynes than to Marx.

The hypotheses of the "secular stagnationists" have been demolished by the evidence. First of all, the percentage of income saved does not increase with income. Secondly, the demand for saving, contrary to what Keynes seemed to believe, increases with income. As a result, the problem in some countries now is not "too much," but "too little" saving. The alleged problem of a shortage of saving, not surprisingly, leads some to advocate the same old, infallible remedy: government intervention.

The fears of too little saving, however, have a real advantage over the previous fears: whereas the preoccupation with excess saving made government growth easier, the present, opposite apprehension poses a problem to statists. If one is convinced that the private sector is doomed to spend too little and save too much, one is led to advocate government spending and budget deficits. This can easily be accomplished, as we all know. On the other hand, the therapy for a lack of saving should be a reduction of government spending and/or budget surpluses. Neither option is very attractive to politicians.* In other words, from the point of view of individual liberty and the need to contain the growth of government, current preoccupations are far less dangerous than the previous catastrophic predictions, and they may even prove to be a blessing.

That's why, in a sense, I wish my countrymen were not as parsimonious and would save less: if Italy's saving ratio were "low," I wonder how our government could finance a budget deficit in excess of 11 per cent of GDP. In some cases, private prudence makes public folly possible. □

Mr. Martino, a professor of monetary history and policy at the University of Rome, is president of the Mont Pelerin Society.

Benjamin M. Friedman

AH, YES. If only the government *were* staying out of our collective decision about how much America should save.

There is much merit in Milton Friedman's argument that we, as a nation, as a society, should be free to save whatever share of our incomes we choose. If we decide to put aside large amounts to provide for our retirement, or for our children's education, so be it. If instead we decide to consume most of our income as we earn it, that choice should likewise be ours to make.

As Professor Friedman recognizes, of course, leaving such societal decisions entirely to private citizens' individual actions is not exactly optimal when private actions have external effects. I believe that a higher saving rate does have positive external effects. The openness of opportunity, the social mobility, the continuous striving for excellence, and other characteristics that have traditionally distinguished America has been able to sustain the ideal of forward progress for over two centuries is that Americans' standard of America has been able to sustain the ideal of forward progress for over two centuries is that Americans' standard of living has, in fact, doubled roughly once per generation throughout this time. Without the fact of forward progress, our willingness to work to make reality correspond to our democratic ideals would probably wither, and America would succumb to the social rigidity and acceptance of mediocrity that are characteristic of economically stagnant societies elsewhere.

For this reason, there probably is a case to be made for a public policy that encourages saving by private citizens.

*Cf. Milton & Rose Friedman, in *Tyranny of the Status Quo*: "[There] is an asymmetry between the resistance to increasing the size of government and to decreasing it, between introducing new programs and dismantling them. An increase in the size of government is far less likely to run into concentrated and effective resistance—and, indeed, sabotage—than a decrease in the size of government."

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By contrast, many students of U.S. saving behavior have concluded that our government, through its tax system and its insurance and transfer-payment programs, systematically discourages private saving.

But the case for encouraging more private saving pales compared to the need to stop the government from absorbing the bulk of what we already do save. Thus far during the 1980s, net private saving by all American families and all American businesses combined has averaged 5.6 per cent of our national income. The Federal Government's borrowing during this period has averaged 4.1 per cent of our national income. Hence nearly three-fourths of what we have saved has not been available to finance business investment in productive new plant and machinery. Nor has it been available to finance the building of new homes to house our growing population. It has simply gone to fund the government's record excess of money spent over revenues coming in.

As a result, we have not only slowed our rate of business investment, compared to prior experience, but had to borrow ever larger sums from abroad just to finance what little investing we have done. On average during 1951-80 we devoted 3.3 per cent of our national income to net investment in business plant and equipment, a smaller share than in many other countries but still enough to fuel continuing growth in our standard of living (although that growth did slow in the 1970s). Since 1980 our net business investment rate has fallen to 2.2 per cent on average. Measured instead on a gross basis—that is, including new plants and new machines that merely replace old ones as they wear out or become obsolete—our investment rate has been high but declining in the 1980s. Last year we devoted 10.0 per cent of our national income to gross investment in business plant and equipment, down from 12.1 per cent in 1981.

Either way, gross or net, if we had merely devoted to private investment one-half of the saving that the Federal Government has absorbed during this period we would not have seen the erosion of our capital formation that has actually occurred. And if historical experience is any guide, our economy's rate of productivity growth—just 1.4 per cent last year and 0.8 per cent the year before—would have been the better for it.

One might respond (and some have responded) that in the end all this government borrowing does not matter because private citizens, seeing how much of their saving the government is absorbing, will simply save all the more. Intriguing as this idea may be, not to mention reassuring, the experience of the 1980s does not support it. Instead of rising to finance the usual amount of investment plus the new record-size federal deficits, since 1980 our private saving rate has fallen.

Milton Friedman is right. The first order of business for American economic policy today should be to allow the saving done by private citizens to determine our country's level of investment, and hence its economic growth. That means getting rid of the government's budget deficit, so that what we save will once again be free to flow into private investment. And that, in turn, means either cutting government spending or raising taxes, or—more likely—some of both. □

Mr. Friedman is a professor of economics at Harvard and the author of Day of Reckoning: The Consequences of American Economic Policy under Reagan and After.

James M. Buchanan

THE EDITOR'S SOLICITATION of this response was waiting for me when I returned from an American Enterprise Institute conference on the emerging Social Security surplus. Elementary public-choice theory predicted what Congress is doing, and will do, with the current excess of payroll-tax receipts over Social Security payments. Congress uses this surplus to finance ordinary federal spending; the surplus has become the means through which the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings budgetary targets will be proximately met. Residually, the Social Security account will accumulate claims against the Treasury, but there will be no increase in net saving, which seems to have been the intent of some proponents of the 1983 reforms.

The interesting part of the conference discussion involved claims that the national saving rate is "too low." Participants advanced various arguments for policy steps designed to increase the national saving rate.

My initial reaction to these arguments at the conference was similar to Milton Friedman's position in his article. There is no optimal rate of saving "out there" somewhere, to be discovered by economists and imposed on the body politic. Surely the government has no business deciding how much we, collectively, *should* save. And, as the current Social Security mess indicates, any well-meant attempt to increase saving via political channels would be converted into expanded governmental outlay.

As Milton Friedman indicates, we can say that the rate of saving is "too low" if we can identify institutions that distort private consumption/saving choices. The existence of institutional elements that work to discourage saving is acknowledged. The tax structure is important in this respect. Indeed, there may be ways to work out changes upon which everyone could agree, changes that would result in a higher saving rate.

Beyond these institutional changes that would remove distortions in private consumption/saving choices, are there other changes that might make everyone better off? At this point I part company with Milton Friedman. I am less classically liberal in that I do not accept the orthodox neoclassical theory's presumption that there are no external economies in the pure consumption/saving (or leisure/work) choices of persons. I suggest that we have internalized these external economies through the transmission of the "Puritan ethic," which makes saving (and work) virtuous. And as this ethic has eroded, we are all made worse off. This conclusion—which is, admittedly, based on a strong intuitive sense rather than rigorous proof—does not imply that there is a role for politicized interference. It does imply that we cannot be quiescent as pre-Keynesian ethical standards continue to be undermined. □

Mr. Buchanan, a Nobel laureate, is Harris University Professor at George Mason University and advisory general director of the Center for Study of Public Choice.

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IMMANUEL KANT, MEET ELLEN GOODMAN

Earnest producers, writers, and professors prove, over nine hours, that for some minds all questions are hard questions. Our opinion-makers still look for answers, while apparently believing that justice is equivalent to the infield-fly rule.

MORAL OBTUSENESS IN AMERICA

HADLEY ARKES

THIS MELANCHOLY REPORT was offered, a few weeks ago, by a friend who teaches at the war college attached to one of our military services: His students were all seasoned veterans, in their forties; they had all seen military action; but they were still, twenty years later, the people who had been college students in the 1960s, and they had absorbed much of the secular religion that affected other young people at the time. They were, on the whole, skeptical of the notion of moral truths that held in all times and places. They had served their country in the military, but they were far from clear that there was anything about the American Republic that truly justified the risk of their lives. They could not really say, with Lincoln, that the right of human beings to govern themselves was a right that was "applicable to all men and all times." These soldiers of their country were more disposed to believe, with other people their age, that the understanding of what was right and wrong was always "relative" to a particular "culture" or country. They would not claim, then, that the political regime in America was morally superior to that of the Soviet Union or Vietnam. They would settle for the far more modest claim that our political way of life was at least "ours." And on that basis, we were warranted in hazarding our lives to preserve it.

In this construction, of course, the principles that defined the character of the American Republic would be no different from the rules that marked the character of a club, or defined a regime of play. The rules of the American Constitution, in other words, were hardly distinguishable from the rules of baseball or the rules of chess. In that event, I offered this proposition to my friend at the war college: The willingness of his students to risk their lives for the rules of the American Republic apparently stood on the same moral plane as a willingness to risk one's life to preserve the infield-fly rule or the "institution" of the designated hitter.

My friend agreed that such was indeed their understanding. The only thing he might say in their defense is that it is "our" infield-fly rule, and we are free to change it. And in any system of conventions, in any rules of the game, that is certainly true. We are free to decide that it will require *five* balls outside the strike zone to constitute a "base on balls." But are we really free, in the same way, to alter these axioms of the law: that "people should not be held blameworthy or responsible for acts they were powerless to affect"; that like cases should be treated in like fashion; that people accused of a crime should be presumed innocent until proven guilty; that beings who are capable of understanding reasons deserve to be ruled only with their own consent? We would be far more reserved about "legislating" a change in propositions of this kind. For even the dimmest of us may suspect that these truths are not merely conventional: they are not ours because we have chosen to adopt them; rather, we have adopted them —we have made them "ours"—for the sovereign reason that they are compellingly true.

WHAT WE SEE at work here, in the case of our military officers, is the enduring tension between a morality that is merely conventional, and a morality that is rooted in the laws of reason, in the nature of things, or, as Kant put it, in the nature of "a rational creature as such." It is no small service for any teacher of moral philosophy to make his students alert to that distinction. This much can be said then, at least, for the editors and journalists who shaped the ten-part PBS series *Ethics in America*. It was quite evidently part of their design to bring out vividly to their viewers the tension between a morality merely of convention—a "morality" marked by professionals, cast in "roles"—and a morality that was constantly looking past the system of roles, and appealing to a more exacting moral standard.

From that tension, the designers of this series managed to produce its dramatic action, in the exchanges among the participants. And in that vein, there was probably no moment more dramatic than the moment just after Mr. Mike Wallace had waxed eloquent, by his own lights, in insisting on the integrity of his standards "as a journalist." The journalist in the hypothetical case under discussion had agreed to gauge the "other side" of a war in South Kosan (read: South Vietnam) by traveling with contingents of the North Kosanese. In that position, he might be able to encounter the atrocities committed by the South Kosanese

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and their American allies. The North Kosanese suddenly come upon a contingent of American troops, and they are about to ambush them. At this point, Mr. Peter Jennings allowed that he would not film the incident. In fact, he thought he might actually try to warn the American troops, even though that might be, altogether, bad manners toward his hosts, who had invited him along for this excursion. For this mild reflex of national loyalty, Mr. Wallace came down upon Mr. Jennings with a severe reproach: as a journalist, his responsibility was to the story. "You're a reporter," said Wallace. "Granted you're an American, but you're a reporter covering combat . . . and I'm at a loss to understand why . . . you would not have covered that story."

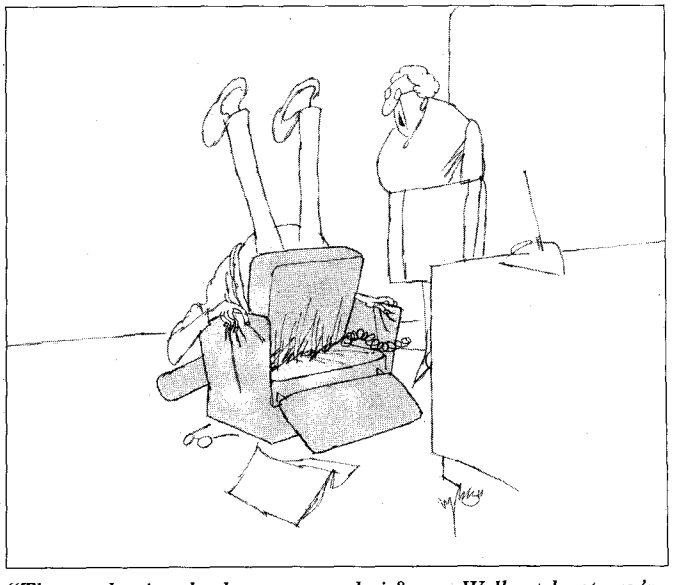
The discussion seemed to be settling in with a comfortable sense of the journalist at ease with himself and his professional "responsibilities." Suddenly the lull was broken by the quiet, steely words of George Connell, a colonel in the Marines. Connell spoke with an anger evidently coiled in reserve, and he announced that this display had stirred in him "an utter contempt": there would be an incident, with two reporters wounded in the action, and he would be asked to send some Marines into a contested zone for the sake of extracting those hapless journalists. At that moment, said Connell, he could insist that "They're just journalists, they're not Americans." How can they have it both ways? he asked—as Mike Wallace apparently experienced a mild epiphany, and felt obliged to nod his assent. "But I'll do it," the colonel continued, "and that's what makes me so contemptuous of them. Marines will die going to get a couple of journalists."

With his simple, powerful intervention, Colonel Connell had exposed the moral emptiness of Mr. Wallace's stern lecture on the responsibilities of a journalist: the supposed moral requirements of a journalist had simply reduced to the "interests" of a journalist; and those interests could be served scrupulously in a project that was morally obtuse. But what was it, exactly, that made the course of the journalists morally wrong in this case? Was Colonel Connell simply posing, against the "roles" of journalists, the conventional roles of "Americans"? Was he merely asking them to override their loyalty to the code of journalism by acting on the rule of a wider club: viz., that "Americans should help one another in times of danger"? Did the lesson run any deeper than that? I think it did, but the producers of the series made no provision to ensure that the lesson would be drawn or articulated. And that omission cannot be ascribed to accident. The designers of the series were not shy about imposing structure on these conversations. When it was thought necessary to make a point, they found a way to make it. Apparently, it was part of the purpose of the producers to leave certain questions unaddressed, unarticulated, unresolved, as part of the deeper teaching in the program: namely, that there were, finally, no standards for judging.

If we return for a moment to the case of the journalists and the army, let us imagine that the journalists were trying to report, with detachment, on a war between the forces of syntax and the forces that were seeking to overthrow syntax. The reporters go out to travel with the other side—with the armies that would obliterate syntax in the countries they occupy. And yet, the reporters themselves would have to make use of syntax in offering their reports. One might say, in fact, that they have a deep professional stake in the preservation of syntax. Their own occupations, indeed their way of life, would be rendered unintelligible by its destruction. For them to take a posture of detachment in this conflict would be to deliver themselves into a position of deep incoherence.

But it would hardly be more incoherent than the position of those Western reporters who were willing to travel to North Vietnam in the late war, or travel with the contingents of North Kosanese in the case contrived in the program. For the American reporters understood themselves to be working in the character of a free press. They were not like the "reporters" and photographers who traveled with the Nazi troops to provide photos and stories for propaganda. The American reporters were not agents of the government, but reporters detached, in their independence, to tell an accurate story unshaped by the government. In other words, the "work" of the reporters depended, for its character and integrity, on a free regime, which could sustain a free press. The American reporters could hardly be neutral, then, on the moral differences that separated the American regime from the regime in North Vietnam (or North Kosan). Their way of life was inconceivable if it were detached from the moral premises that defined the character of a free society. It made no more sense for them to pretend that they were indifferent to the moral distinction between a constitutional order and a totalitarian regime than it did for the reporters in our example to claim neutrality in the battle between syntax and its enemies.

AMONG THE PROFESSIONS represented in *Ethics in America*, the journalists were nearly the most witless, and certainly the shallowest, when it came to reflecting, with any seriousness, on the moral grounds of their judgment, or the justification for the way they spent their days. I say "nearly": by far, the prize for glib, or even frightening, vacuity must go to the lawyers. With the notable, sparkling exception of Justice Scalia, the lawyers collected in these programs offered the most dramatic illustration of



"The mechanism broke on your chair? . . . Well, at least you're not watching television."

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just how far the profession has drifted from Blackstone's understanding, that the law is an exercise in "commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." The lawyers were all successful men of the world, in private practice, government, or the academy. And yet their varieties of style and intellect were swept away in the logic of a common training, which imparted to these men a common banality. Their uniform tendency was to reduce the law to a system of roles and conventions. They were prepared to acknowledge that those conventions could produce, in many cases, judgments that were patently unjust. But they were content to offer the affable hope that the conventions would work, in the long run, to produce decent results.

These bootless speculations could not disguise, however, the inanities that these worldly men were evidently quite willing to absorb into their characters as part of the ongoing condition of their professional lives. The telling encounter here came in a case of murder that was unfolded, with skill, by Professor Charles Ogletree of the law school at Harvard. The killer claims that he killed reluctantly; he seeks counsel, and every lawyer extends, to this client, the protection and shield of his confidence. As Ogletree kept turning new corners, with new, disturbing facts, the lawyers on the panel preserved their willingness to shelter their client and hold back information from the authorities. Particularly adamant here was Mr. James Neal, from Tennessee. Plainly, Neal had prospered in a field that rewards obduracy, especially when it is allied to a masculine willingness to play rough. The killer finally reveals to Mr. Neal that he was responsible for yet another inadvertent killing; that another man had been convicted for this crime; and that the man who had been wrongfully convicted was about to be executed. With the unpeeling of these facts, one could sense the mood altering in the room. Still, even in the face of these reports, Mr. Neal held his ground: he would not yield up information, even to save the life of an innocent man.

With this move, Professor Ogletree managed to bring forth the conflict between the convention of confidentiality, and the necessary moral imperative to avoid the punishment of the innocent. The conflict made little impression, however, on the mind of Mr. Neal. His obstinacy on this point stirred cries of disbelief on the part of the journalists and academics gathered around him. Faced with this storm of reaction, his combativeness rose to meet it, but his reflex was to hide behind the "Code of Professional Responsibility." He reminded his auditors that his reactions were all quite consistent with the code—as though this piece of intelligence could settle any vexing question and bring ease to any mind overly troubled. Would he really let an innocent man be executed? "Absolutely . . . people die every day. It may sound harsh, but we have values to serve."

As one of the participants pointed out, Neal was citing nothing more than codes legislated by lawyers, and those codes could be counted on not to burden the interests of lawyers with moral duties that were too strenuous altogether. Neal apparently assumed that it was good or desirable for lawyers to be guided by a code. The question he left unaddressed was: Why should we care just what is said in the code for lawyers—unless that code claims to speak about the things that are truly right or wrong? The code summons our respect because it pretends to be something more than another convention: we trust that the jurists are not spinning out rules like the infield-fly rule, which may be convenient or useful, or simply make for an interesting "game." The code becomes something that Mr. Neal tries to invoke in his defense because it pretends to explain what is justified and right. But if the code rests, at its foundation, on real truths, then Mr. Neal need not retreat so lamely to "the code" when he is pressed to give an account of himself. He could explain the justification for his decision by recalling the moral reasons that stand behind the code. And yet, we suspect that he no longer recalls those reasons, if indeed he ever knew them.

If Kant or Aristotle had sought to reach a mass audience, they might have felt compelled to teach their lessons through a format of this kind—viz., by inducing ordinary men and women to speak the moral fallacies of their age. And if the philosophers had sought to dramatize the state of mind sunk in a morality of conventions or codes, they could hardly have produced a character more vivid than Mr. Neal, speaking lines more flinty and banal. But, of course, Kant and Aristotle had compelling reasons for not choosing to teach in this way. No dramatic presentation was likely to take the place of careful, precise, analytic prose, dealing in a systematic way with the most straining and subtle questions of moral judgment. Could we imagine, for example, that Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* could be distilled into a series on television, or translated for the musical stage? The question answers itself, but that answer, evident to common sense, may produce in turn a facile apology: If Kant had sought to teach through television, might he not have produced a program very much like *Ethics in America*? He, too, would have recognized how hard it is to work through television in laying the groundwork for a philosophic argument: could he really have tried to teach about "synthetic *a priori*" propositions by inducing, say, Ellen Goodman or General Westmoreland to bubble up, on occasion, with the right point? He, too, might have been tempted then to settle for the solution accepted by the producers of this series, i.e., to raise the questions, suggest to the listeners that ethics is a hard business, and encourage them to keep reflecting on these thorny matters.

And yet, it is not really so clear that this was the only alternative, even for people working in television. In one inspired example, Tom Stoppard managed to touch quite deftly on the tension between morality and convention in his play *Professional Foul*. The play was written for television, for a running time that could not have exceeded ninety minutes. And as the phrase goes, it had to include the "production values" of a public entertainment. Still, within the space of ninety minutes, in a production offered mainly for entertainment—with no didactic format, and no pretensions to teach—Stoppard developed the philosophic issues in a manner that would have been far more recognizable to professional philosophers. He also managed to discredit, quite powerfully, the perspective that would reduce morality to a system of etiquette or manners, to the mere conventions of language, or to the rules of a game. Stoppard had his character, Professor Anderson, speak of an understanding of rightness or wrongness that "precedes utterance" and the conventions of language—"an idea of

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justice which is, for want of a better word, natural." Anderson had delivered himself earlier of these observations:

> If we decline to define rights as fictions, . . . there are only two senses in which humans could be said to have rights. Firstly, humans might be said to have certain rights if they had collectively and mutually agreed to give each other these rights. This would merely mean that humanity is a rather large club with club rules, but it is not what is generally meant by human rights. It is not what Locke meant, and it is not what the American Founding Fathers meant . . . when they held certain rights to be unalienable . . .

Even Stoppard did not quite supply the ground of the argument for natural rights within the compass of his play. But what is remarkable is that he accomplished far more to that end than the producers of this series, even though they could address the subject directly, didactically, in sessions extending over nine hours. And in a program on ethics in America, they did not think it important to point out the connection acknowledged by Mr. Stoppard, who was not even addressing an American audience: people who hold to the doctrines of cultural relativism, and the morality of conventions, are radically at odds with the moral understanding of the men who founded the American Republic. If the producers had cared to go further, they could have offered the modest but telling point that the James Neals in this series were on the side of Stephen Douglas in the famous debate with Abraham Lincoln. But such an observation would have touched one side in these exchanges with the taint of a disreputable argument—a rhetorical move inconsistent with a series that sought so strenuously to avoid the taking of sides.

It was not, then, a want of time, or the limits of television, that accounted for the lessons that were not drawn, or the moral understandings that were not explained, in this series. Stoppard could use his arts of entertainment to support his teaching, and he could do it all far more economically, because he was far clearer that there were indeed lessons to teach. The designers of this series were earnest, thoughtful people, who evidently thought that moral questions deserved the strain of serious reflection. But it became apparent also that, in their understanding of the discipline of moral philosophy, they were very much representative of that modern state of mind that might be called, these days, "ethics in America."

"Those are the laws, Moses. Now go forth and multiply the number of lawyers."

IN THAT STATE of mind, the understanding of "natural justice"—the understanding of the Founders—is offered as just another one of those moral "points of view" that fill in the current landscape, along with utilitarianism, conventionalism, anti-foundationalism, or nihilism. The Founders spoke about necessary moral truths, but the producers of this series would not presume to suggest that the arguments of Plato and Kant, Aristotle and Lincoln, would refute, decisively, the arguments of relativism or conventionalism, the arguments that are obviously taken so seriously today by men and women successful in their professions: by men and women, that is, like James Neal and Mike Wallace. If the producers had sought to offer a judgment of that kind, they would have been obliged to fill in the groundwork of explanation. But in holding back their judgment and their explanation, they have joined the most common fallacy of their age: they have suggested that our task, in ethics, is to choose between competing points of view, when there are no correct answers. But if there is no way of choosing between these alternative moral arguments, then there is, finally, no rational ground for our moral judgments. If the producers of the program accepted that reasoning, however, they would simply install the premises of relativism and dissolve their problem: after all, if there is no right or wrong answer on moral questions, why is it necessary to strain and reflect and agonize before we decide? Is there a tension between our interests and our duties? But so what? On what ground of reason would the commands of obligation take precedence over the commands of self-interest, or the manifold appeals of the things that simply give us pleasure?

On this point, the telling clues were to be found in the commentaries that bracketed the programs. In one discussion, Dr. Mortimer Rosen (the chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Columbia) made a moving, unpretentious case for operating on a pregnant, comatose woman for the purpose of saving her child. The mother, in this case, had sought to sustain the child, but then changed her mind as she slipped into her last hours. Predictably, Faye Wattleton of Planned Parenthood found it necessary to reject any suggestion that the unborn child might have a claim to the protection of doctors and judges apart from the will of her mother. Willard Gaylin of the Hastings Center thought it was curious to honor a judgment that departed so suddenly from the matured intentions of the mother to save her child. But the last word went, as it always did, to Fred Friendly, the producer of the series, as he closed the program. Friendly noted that "Dr. Gaylin and Ms. Wattleton disagree in this agonizing conflict. They may both be right."

In that manner, the tension in the argument may be dissolved; but so, too, would the enterprise of moral judgment. Mr. Friendly produced, in this series, some arresting exchanges. But I fear that, through the power of television, he has done for the understanding of ethics what Mr. Bert Lahr managed to do, through *The Wizard of Oz*, to advance our understanding of lions. □

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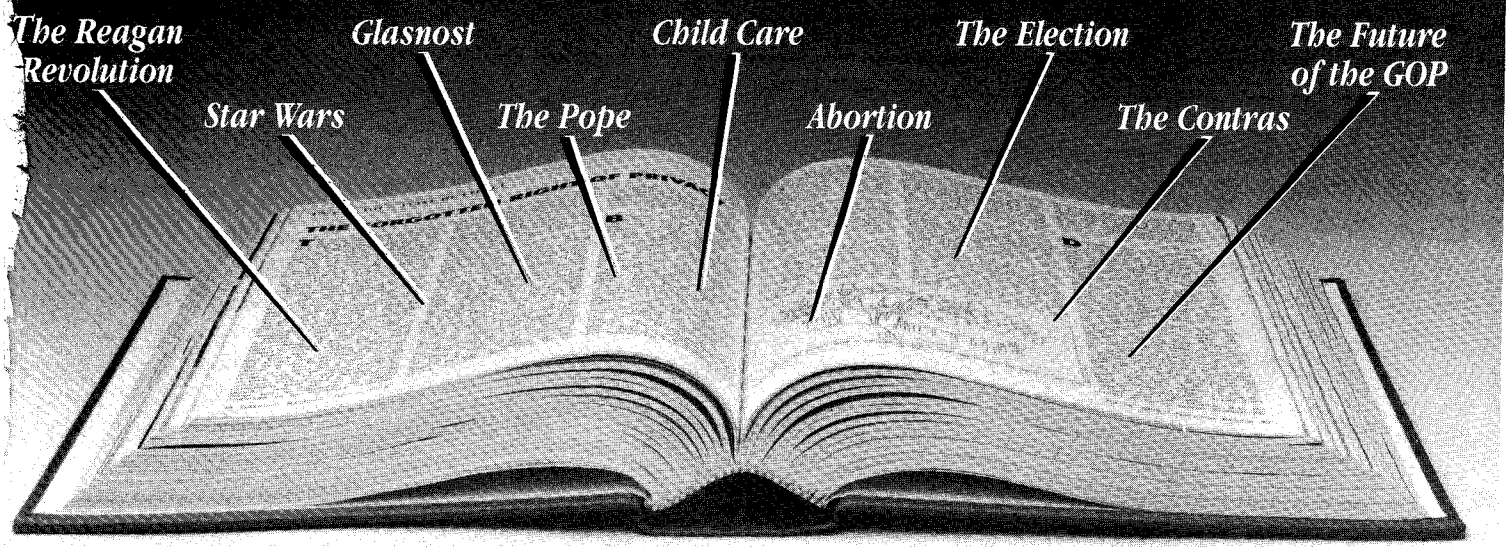

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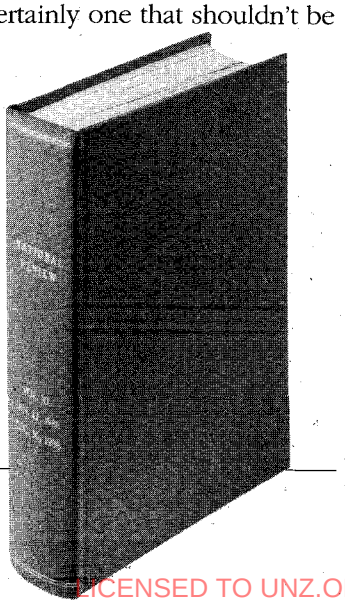

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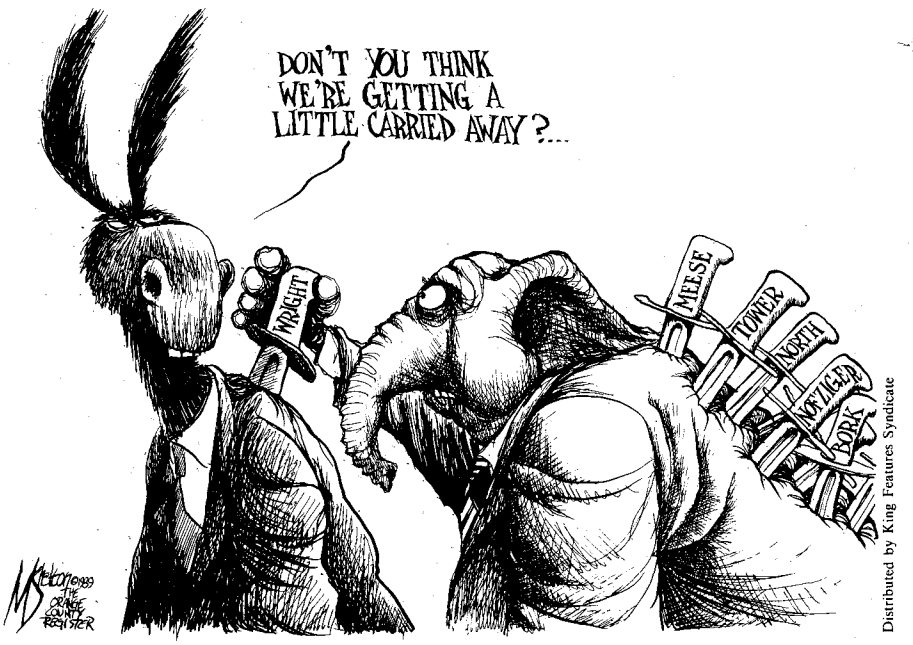
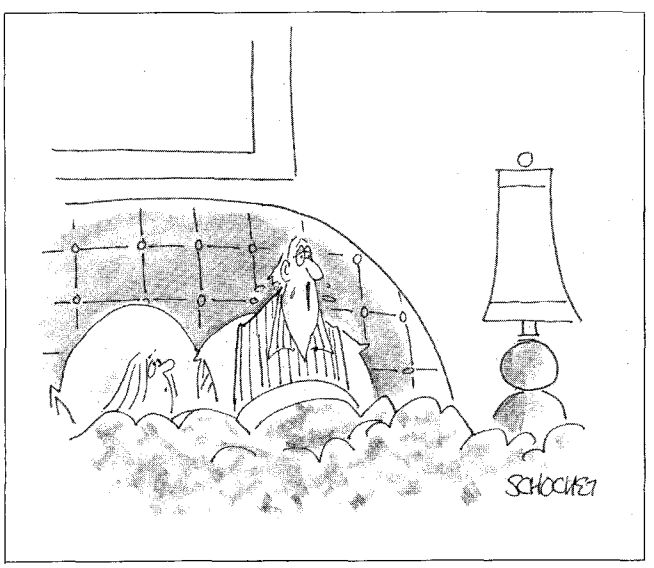


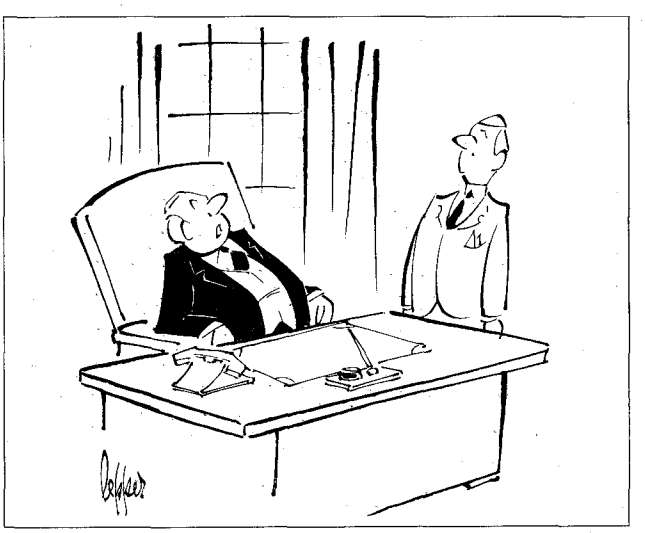
Come In!

A thousand welcomes, Fixit Man!
Come in and work your miracle,
And we will praise you all we can
In accents loud and lyrical,
Not just because you came so fast
In answer to our call, sir,
But—thinking back to crises past—
Because you came at *all*, sir!

MAUREEN CANNON



"It was awful. I just dreamt I voted Democratic."



"A raise? Ye gods, Philben, was the action by Congress entirely wasted on you?"

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Planting Time

"THE COURT HAS CONVICTED THE DEFENDENT FOR ILLEGALLY PROTECTING HIS FAMILY WITH A SECURITY FENCE AND TRYING TO HELP A COUNTRY REGAIN ITS FREEDOM — LET THIS BE A DETERRENT TO ANYONE WHO TRIES THAT AGAIN!"

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HENRY REGNERY: A PUBLIC PRIVATE MAN

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THOSE WHO BLINK FREQUENTLY, irritated by today's ideological mote, may have missed it. But in the trend of its popular thought and culture, in social inclination and political preference, the decade of the Eighties has taken on a decidedly conservative cast.

It's probably not pure enough for some of our more committed comrades. And this may be just as conservative as it gets. Nevertheless, it's here, having blown in with Ronald Reagan and showing some signs of lingering into the Nineties and perhaps beyond.

Where did it come from? Politically, there are numerous sources—Taft, Goldwater, Nixon (much more than we're yet able to admit), the New American Majority, the Old Right, the New Right, the New New Right, the Neoconservatives (perhaps we could call them the Left Right or, eventually, the Left Right Left), all arriving at the same point at about the same time at the end of the Seventies and joining together in the somewhat unlikely phenomenon of Reaganism.

Spiritually also it was fed by a variety of sources, among them a book by Russell Kirk entitled *The Conservative Mind*, published in Chicago in 1953 by Henry Regnery. According to Regnery, it was Kirk's book that gave the postwar conservative movement "its name and, more important, coherence."

Two years earlier, Regnery had published another book which was to become central to the conservative movement. The book was *God and Man at Yale*, the author Wm. F. Buckley Jr. It was an expensive book, costing Regnery as it did his contract with the Great Books Foundation. But the investment paid off, for, as Regnery put it, Bill Buckley "has not only served ever since as an inspiration and a rallying point, particularly to student generations; he has given [the conservative movement] a style and rhetoric of its own, and has done more than anyone else to reconcile potentially conflicting viewpoints into a coherent intellectual force."

It has been the sometimes bewildering variety of "potentially conflicting viewpoints," characteristic of conservative thought, that typifies the books published over four decades by the Henry Regnery Company (now Regnery Gateway, and still publishing). Despite the conflicting viewpoints, however, Regnery's books were all selected, as he puts it, "for being in accord with the traditional values of Western civilization."

Some of the Regnery titles of the early years now awaken only dim and musty memories. There is the matter of immediate postwar German rehabilitation, for instance, a theme running through the works of a number of early Regnery authors, among them Victor Gollancz and Freda Utley. There are also the World War II revisionists, mostly notably William Henry Chamberlin, Charles Callan Tansill, and Admiral Husband Kimmel.

Their works explored such issues as what Holmes Alexander has called "the unconstitutional Atlantic war" and "the Pearl Harbor coverup." True, many of these arguments, postwar manifestations of pre-war positions taken by such groups as the America First Committee, which Henry Regnery's father helped found, are decidedly dated —in fact became dated on the day that Hitler declared war on the United States. However, those books did serve a purpose, one which present-day muckrakers should find laudable. In an article in *Reason*, Justus D. Doenecke put it this way: "Although few historians today accept Regnery's brand of revisionism, his books did much to crack official history . . . stressed the constitutional limits upon presidential war-making, and pointed out the conscious and calculated deception by the nation's highest leadership."

REGNERY'S CONTRIBUTIONS transcend that of publishing unfashionable authors crowded out by accepted theories of history, however. Even on the Right, causes are not always lost. And during the years of intellectual exile, Regnery played a central role in keeping conservative thought alive, publishing or reissuing, in addition to Kirk and Buckley, the works of James Burnham, Richard Weaver, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Felix Morley, Albert Jay Nock, Frank Meyer, Willmoore Kendall, Wilhelm Roepke, and Whittaker Chambers, to name a few.

Russell Kirk, writing to Regnery in 1952 of a new era in which an "enlightened conservatism" must play a role, had this to say about Regnery's unique contribution: "The struggle will be decided in the minds of the rising generation—and within that generation, substantially by the minority who have the gift of reason. I do not think we need much fear the decaying 'liberalism' of the retiring generation. . . . But we need to state some certitudes for the benefit of the groping new masters of society. More than

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter, works for a major corporation in Chicago.

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anyone else in America you have been doing just this in the books you publish." A most moving and prescient tribute, and one which goes a long way toward explaining the conservative cast of the Eighties. We owe a great deal to Henry Regnery and his books.

We also owe Henry Regnery a good deal for his *book—Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher*, published in 1979 by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. It is handsomely produced and elegantly written, the style, like Regnery himself, direct, unaffected, deceptively simple, and surprisingly witty. For the most part, reviewers were highly appreciative, with especially intelligent commentaries by Doris Grumbach in the *New York Times* and Edmund Fuller in the *Wall Street Journal*.

At some point during the past several decades, nearly every conservative of note has published with or had his works reissued by Regnery. His memoir (still available from Regnery Gateway) summarizes these works, acquaints us with the circumstances of their publication and their reception, and provides us with a number of splendid anecdotes involving most of these authors, all interwoven with the personal account of a life lived in the world of publishing, where in the end the best and most constant companions are ideas.

Perhaps because of this—and also because he is a man who knows precisely who he is—Regnery is remarkably tolerant of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of others. This serves him well in dealing with his fellow conservatives, who among us have come close to cornering the world market on foibles and idiosyncrasies.

It also serves him well in his dealings with writers he has published who are not generally associated with the conservative movement as we have come to think of it—among them T. S. Eliot (who congratulated Regnery on publishing Edgar Guest), Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Allen Tate, John Dos Passos, and Roy Campbell. Regnery first met Campbell when he was roaring drunk (Campbell, not Regnery), and one anecdote captures not only the poet but also Regnery's own essential attitude—slightly ironic detachment, good humor, and good sense.

He had taken Campbell to a poetry reading at a college in downtown Chicago. "The first poet on the program was Robert Lowell, who apologized for preceding such a heroic figure as Roy Campbell, and then went on to read what seemed to me to be rather dreadful poetry about incest and similar subjects. When Campbell's turn came it was as though a fresh breeze had swept into the room; he brought the audience immediately back to life with the imagery and vigor of his poetry, and ended the occasion by singing 'John Brown's Body' in Swahili."

Regnery's book is rich in such anecdotes, telling us a great deal about the people he portrays, and as much about himself as he wants us to know. As Doris Grumbach puts it, "A private man, Henry Regnery tells us his views, his reasons for publishing what he did, and the results, but he gives us very little information about his personal life." Other commentators agree, among them Justus Doenecke, who would like more about Regnery's father and the America First movement and about his "reaction to the varied transformations of the American Right."

I think all of us would agree with Doenecke. However, in the case of the latter—reaction to the transmogrifications of the Right—Regnery would be required to make judgmental analyses of the people involved. And he just doesn't do that—a rare quality on the Right in particular and among literary men in general.

As to the former—personal observations on family members—well, he doesn't do that publicly either. Characteristically, however, in two handsome privately printed books, he pays tribute to his father, whose memory he cherishes, and to his son Henry, killed in 1979 in a Chicago plane crash.

It is in this moving tribute to his son that Regnery briefly describes his wife, Eleanor Scattergood Regnery, as she gazes at their newborn son, "with the look of serenity and love which was characteristic of her." It still is, one might add, and there is probably no more succinct and accurate way to depict the quality radiated by this Quaker lady who chose to make her life with a dissident publisher.

Like his family relationships, his relationship with God is for the most part publicly treated as a private matter. At one point in his memoir, he recalls a conversation with the German Catholic writer Luise Rinser, who compared the Church to an old family house. Regnery, whose grandfather was Roman Catholic, responds in this way: "Many people, needless to say, have found refuge in that old house, but however much I may at times have wished otherwise, I remain an outsider."

Yet Regnery is also capable of writing the following words, which amount to a brief but fully realized and expressed feeling for God, the world He created, and the place of man in that world:

> We had no choice, so far as we can know, about the circumstances surrounding our coming into the world, and no matter how hard we may think about it can know nothing about what happens to us when we leave it. . . . We are given life to lead as best we can and in accordance with the gifts and circumstances allotted to us, and those who lead a good life can face death with the composure and confidence of old Bach, who, on his deathbed, asked those around him to sing his last chorale, "Before Thy Throne with This I Come," composed only a few days before, doubtless in preparation for this event. That our Maker feels kindly toward us, His creatures, the music of Bach and Mozart would be for me sufficient evidence, if there were not more.

A splendid paragraph, with music the highly appropriate metaphor. Among many public men, music is the language of an intense private life.

But it's the public Regnery we're concerned with here, and the public Regnery is still publishing interesting and unfashionable books.

Kent Barry and I had lunch with Regnery on April 18 at the Wrigley Building Restaurant, like Henry a solid and

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venerable Chicago institution. (The Wrigley, incidentally, is just across Michigan Avenue from the *Chicago Tribune*, which for some long-forgotten ideological reason still refuses to give Regnery his due as one of Chicago's primary civic and cultural assets.) It was an ordinary day, high spring in Chicago. A lake-blown snowstorm briefly raged outside, causing a host of golden daffodils to scream primally.

Things were normal with Henry. He'd recently had bypass surgery, and during a visit to his son Alfred had pitched down a flight of stairs. But Henry is only 77, and he stays in condition by working in his shop and garden at Three Oaks, the Regnerys' Michigan home. And so, despite these minor physical annoyances, Henry had already put in his lettuce, potatoes, and peas.

We ate well and talked about a number of things, with Regnery reminiscing about old comrades like John Chamberlain and telling of an encounter between Bill Buckley and Norman Thomas. Kent Barry, a promising young conservative polemicist, devoured all this, and one of the wonders was that after nearly eight decades, Regnery could still find it interesting to talk to an enthusiastic young conservative.

Most of the conversation, however, had to do with the fortunes of Regnery Gateway, which recently moved its editorial offices to Washington and is being run by Alfred Regnery, with Henry providing guidance and counsel. Given the new mood in the country, the business is doing well. In fact, according to Alfred, sales have tripled during the past two years.

The standard works—*The Conservative Mind*, *God and Man at Yale*, *Suicide of the West*, *Witness*—are still selling healthily (*Conservative Mind* is now in its seventh edition). There are also a number of new titles that are doing well. *Profscam*, by Charles Sykes, is an exposé of our languid professors which, I am told, provides a 1980s perspective on themes explored two decades ago in *The Kumquat Statement*. Reviews of Sykes's book in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Detroit News*, *Miami Herald*, and *Wall Street Journal* have been favorable. The *Chicago Tribune* is yet to be heard from, although Bill Granger, a noted Chicago novelist, recently wrote a first-rate column for the *Tribune* Sunday magazine lauding Sykes.

Also doing well are William Casey's *Secret War against Hitler* and Leo Damore's *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Coverup*. (The publication histories of these books—the latter especially—involve amusing anecdotes about large advances from leading publishers like Random House, acute cases of cold feet when the authors delivered what was promised, and Henry Regnery there as backstop to ensure the books weren't buried. But Regnery's been doing that for years, and that's another story.) And also, lest we forget revisionism, which Henry Regnery isn't about to let us do, there's *Roosevelt and Stalin: The Failed Courtship*, by Robert Nisbet.

We talked about books for a couple of hours, and then Henry left us to return—on foot, of course—to the downtown office which was once the first Playboy headquarters. He seemed a bit slower now, but that was no doubt the gale-force wind and had nothing to do with surgery or pitching down stairs.

However, the thought couldn't help but intrude. He is one of a kind, and perhaps the last. As Edmund Fuller wrote a decade ago, "Mr. Regnery was able to match free enterprise with his ideals and ideas, and for this we all owe him a debt . . ."

Indeed we do, for through his efforts he kept something alive. And by keeping that something alive, he helped make a return to the traditional verities in America possible.

The public Henry Regnery would no doubt put all this much less grandly, perhaps preferring to summarize his contributions with the words he used in the last paragraph of his memoir:

> The publisher of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, we are told, paid its author five pounds, and is remembered, if at all, for the miserliness of his payment in comparison to the magnificence of the work he bought. But it should not be forgotten that he probably lost money on the venture, and that his participation in it, although of a quite different order from the author's, was also necessary.

As was Henry Regnery's, and our country is better for it. In fact, a Presidential Medal of Freedom, with a citation reflecting this sentiment, would not be at all out of order. □

BLAME AMERICA FIRST

Michael Lind

The Democratic Imperative: Exporting the American Revolution, by Gregory A. Fossedal (Basic Books, 293 pp., $19.95)

As this century of dictatorship and chaos draws to a close, liberalism and democracy seem to many observers to be on the march. In much of Asia, the Muslim world, and Africa, autocracy remains securely in the saddle, it is true. In the Spanish-speaking world, however, many military dictatorships have given way to civilian regimes. The Soviet Union is experimenting with limited liberalization, and is encouraging similar reforms in its satellites. Students in China are testing their Communist government's toleration of increased criticism. The relationship among these diverse trends, if any, and their significance for American foreign policy would make a timely subject for a carefully researched and sober book.

The Democratic Imperative: Exporting the American Revolution is not that book. Light on analysis and heavy on assertion, this tract by a former *Wall Street Journal* columnist is more in the nature of a Fourth of July oration. According to Fossedal, America has sinned in neglecting its mission as the messiah of international democracy; but it is not too late for the makers of American foreign policy to redeem themselves and save the world.

One might object that the United States has done more than most great powers to promote the rule of law and popular government. After all, the

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United States reconstructed Germany and Japan in its image after a war that could have justified a Carthaginian peace. Fossedal is not satisfied. He believes that the U.S. could have "saved" Iran from the mullahs in 1978, and approvingly quotes an Iran expert who asserts that "with U.S. backing, members of the National Front, the military, and the clergy could have been induced to agree to a transition to democracy, based on a restoration of the constitution of 1906."

Fossedal—whose bibliography includes few original sources, and none in languages other than English—finds similar missed opportunities in other regions of the world. He criticizes the "lazy assumption" of the Eisenhower Administration that there was little it could have done to prevent the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956. But Eisenhower is not the only incompetent. "For all his anti-Communist rhetoric, Ronald Reagan lost Poland." Reagan is also blamed for "losing" Nigeria to a military coup in 1984. No doubt Hoover and Roosevelt could have prevented the accession of Adolf Hitler, as well. Like many leftists, the Neoconservative Fossedal assumes American omnipotence. If liberty or democracy suffer anywhere in the world, it is because of American laziness, or American stupidity.

How exactly does Fossedal define the "democracy" he would have the United States make its chief export? The only definition he offers—which comes in a footnote at the end of chapter two—is apparently an afterthought: "For the purposes of this book, where an advance of economic or civil freedom occurs, even without the formation of a representative body, it will be equated with an advance of 'democracy' . . . For one thing, it is easier than saying 'freedoms that tend to go hand in hand with democracy.'" It is undeniably easier to call several different things by one name, rather than to distinguish them carefully. Succinct himself—he refers at one point to the rights of man, "such as free speech, a fair trial to those accused of serious crimes, and so on"—Fossedal makes short work of rival political philosophers. He allots only a few sentences to Plato, Rousseau, and Madison, spending far more time in wrestling with the thought of George Will, Charles Krauthammer, and Elliott Abrams.

That wrestling comes in chapter two, "Skepticism," in which Fossedal attempts to pre-emptively refute objections to the crusade he calls for in subsequent chapters. As this suggests, *The Democratic Imperative* is written in reverse order. First come objections to the proposal, then a discussion of the means for implementing the proposal—economic sanctions, propaganda, U.S. bankrolling of insurgent armies around the globe. The proposal itself is stated explicitly only in the book's final chapter, "A Democratic Century." Fossedal calls for "a higher purpose than mere Republican anti-Communism or Democratic antifascism" in American foreign policy. "That higher purpose is a diplomacy of democracy, for democracy, by democracy: a diplomacy for securing the rights of man."

What exactly the rights of man "and so on" have to do with American national-security interests, Fossedal attempts to make clear in the next section, entitled, in high-school valedictory fashion, "A Flame Eternal": "Either America will help secure the rights of man for all, everywhere, or America itself, as a free and democratic state, will perish." Somehow, though, the United States has managed to survive as a reasonably free and democratic state for two centuries in which most of the world has been ruled by vicious autocracies, very few of which have had either the inclination or the means to threaten America.

And anyway, democratic government —defined as the selection of top government officials in competitive elections with a more or less universal adult franchise—need not be good government. Where democracy has been grafted onto societies with long traditions of legality and limited government—as in Britain, the United States, and, to a lesser degree, Western Europe—those older traditions may restrain the excesses of democratic politicians. In societies lacking constitutional traditions, democracy may mean the expropriation of a 49 per cent minority by a 51 per cent majority. Contrary to the assertions of some vulgar Marxists who have been born again on the Right, capitalism is not invariably associated with either liberty or democracy. Economic development may produce a conservative middle class, with a stake in stable constitutional government—or it may produce an alienated middle class that flees into the arms of a dictator who promises utopian possibilities or deliverance from class war. Democracy may promote a Churchill, or a Perón.

Even if liberty and prosperity did inevitably spread with democracy, the United States, which possesses only a twentieth of the world's population and a quarter of its wealth, might nevertheless decide that military defense and trade should have prior calls on its limited foreign-policy resources. If every tyranny in the world were a rotten Bastille needing only a nudge from Uncle Sam to collapse, a commitment by the United States to global democracy might be an inexpensive gesture of magnanimity. As Fossedal himself admits, however, a policy of bankrolling "democratic" guerrilla armies and economic reconstruction in every quarter of the globe would be extremely expensive.

Furthermore, Fossedal's own data suggest just how great the odds are against democracy in most of the world. The world maps appended to the text of *The Democratic Imperative*, which purport to show the condition of "democracy" in 1875, 1935, and 1988, show little evidence for a significant expansion of popular, constitutional government beyond Western Europe, its lands of settlement, and U.S. military protectorates. (The maps also include some amusing oddities of definition. The Ayatollah's Iran, for example, is classified as "partly democratic," and compared favorably to the utterly "undemocratic" regime in Paraguay—where one is unlikely to see government-instigated crowds chanting slogans from the Koran while stoning half-buried sexual offenders.)

Perhaps Fossedal is correct in thinking that present trends are the portents of a global democratic revolution. If so, by calling for American involvement he repeats the mistake of Marxists, who urge us to fight for a revolution that History will bring about even without our help. And if History can teach anything, it is the wisdom of basing the foreign policy of a great republic on its permanent security in-

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terests, not on humanitarian evangelism or on speculations about the future. Whether most of mankind in the future will live under democratically elected rulers or, as seems more likely, under various kinds of authoritarian rule is of merely tactical significance from the point of view of a United States committed to its traditional strategy of prudent realism. As one of the practitioners of that strategy, John Quincy Adams, wrote, America "goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own." □

RANDOM NOTES

□ COMING IN JULY: In *Judicial Compulsions: How Public Law Distorts Public Policy* (Basic, $19.95), Jeremy Rabkin takes on the entire industry of public-interest law, indicting its vast network of environmental-, civil-, and safety-rights activists for propagating the false notion that regulatory benefits aren't just goods but "rights."

The Oxford History of the French Revolution (Oxford, $29.95), by William Doyle, is the latest of several recent studies offering a revisionist perspective on the sentimentalities of current historical opinion about the Revolution and its consequences. As Doyle argues, far from securing the "universal rights of man," the Revolution primarily benefited the French military establishment and state bureaucracy.

In the 12 essays and lectures collected in *The Culture We Deserve: A Critique of Disenlightenment* (Wesleyan, $19.95), edited by Arthur Krystal, Jacques Barzun offers trenchant commentary on the present state of criticism, sociology, and moral thought. One particularly provocative essay argues that, just as the Federal Government pays certain farmers to keep their land idle, so, in the interest of stemming the flow of bad art, it ought to pay certain artists to retire. . . . *Helen Frankenthaler: A Paintings Retrospective* (Abrams, $35), by E. A. Carmean Jr., pays tribute to this last major representative of the Abstract Expressionist school and one of the few contemporary artists devoted to the simple but increasingly old-fashioned project of making beautiful objects. Timed to coincide with the opening of a major retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

□ ANOTHER JUNE TITLE: Right-wingers aren't a notoriously humorous bunch, but for what the distinction is worth, P. J. O'Rourke is one of the funniest right-wingers around. His latest, *Modern Manners: An Etiquette Book for Rude People* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $16.95), gets off some pretty good deadpan stuff. ("Etiquette is a universal language. And so is English. Foreigners may pretend otherwise, but if English is spoken loudly enough, anyone can understand it, the British included. Actually, there's no such thing as a foreign language. The world is just filled with people who grunt and squeak instead of speaking sensibly.") —DK

THE TRAITOR BETRAYED

Joseph Sobran

Territory of Lies, by Wolf Blitzer (Harper & Row, 336 pp., $22.50)

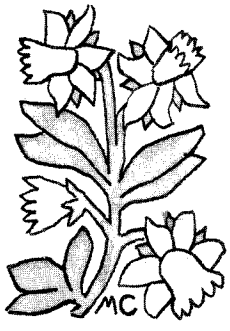
IN 1984 Jonathan Pollard, an employee of Naval Intelligence in Washington who held a top-secret clearance, approached a member of Israel's delegation to the United States. "I'm Jewish," he said. "I want to help you."

And so began one of the most successful espionage operations ever conducted against the U.S.—though Pollard himself would insist that it was "within" rather than "against" the United States. "I thought I was helping Israel and the United States," he told Wolf Blitzer of the *Jerusalem Post*, author of *Territory of Lies*. Like Oliver North, Pollard felt frustrated that this country was apparently "unwilling to defend its own interests," and he feared Israel would pay the consequences. So he decided to supply vital information about the Middle East to the Israelis, with the proviso that he would give them nothing that might compromise the interests of the United States.

Unfortunately, Pollard's judgment of U.S. interests differed sharply from that of Caspar Weinberger, and the estimated 360 cubic feet of documents he smuggled to Israel were damaging enough, in the Defense Secretary's view, to warrant a life sentence. Pollard considered Weinberger anti-Israel and pro-Arab, even though the U.S.-Israeli relationship, including military and intelligence cooperation, peaked during the Reagan years. Pollard was finally a victim, though, of his own romantic view of Israel, a country he had worshipped since childhood.

Born in Texas, Pollard grew up in South Bend, Indiana. His father was a distinguished microbiologist at Notre Dame; Father Theodore Hesburgh was a family friend. As Jews, the Pollards were treated hospitably by the Catholic university.

But Jay, as he was called, was a misfit. He was a smart boy, but also a "smart-aleck," small for his age, whom his schoolmates loved to beat up. Former children will appreciate the misery he grew up in, despite his loving family. He interpreted the hostility he met, in childhood and afterward, as anti-Semitism, and he met it everywhere. Meanwhile he dreamed of Israel as a place where every Jew was a king. When he spent a summer there as a teenager he suffered the rare distinction, in Israel, of being beaten up by a gentile, an English lad. After his name hit the headlines in 1985, an Israeli doctor who still remembered Jay as a boy recalled him as "an unstable troublemaker, the worst of this kind in the history of the summer camp." The word "unstable" recurs often in recollections of Pollard, even among people who barely knew him. At Naval Intelligence colleagues shared many "Pollard jokes" about his lying and bragging.



He took refuge in a Jewish racial mystique. His explanations of his conduct abound in phrases like "racial consciousness," "racial obligation," and "the survival of our race"—terms most people, especially Jews, cringe at. His sustaining certainty was that Israel would always be there for him.

To do him justice, Pollard was extremely intelligent, articulate, and, for all his "paranoia," as Blitzer calls it, perceptive. Here is a typical reflection on his own downfall: "The psychological hallmarks of divided loyalties were certainly there for all to see: the uneasy conscience, the sense of personal failure. I was becoming a weak man with good intentions and doomed by pride, which was a condition that perhaps had more in common with classical tragedy than

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with Jewish melodrama." Moreover, his marriage to Anne Henderson Pollard seems to have been close and happy, until he disastrously involved her in his crimes; he remains devoted to freeing her.

The Pollard operation wasn't a Mossad project, but it was no "rogue" operation either, as the Israeli government insisted. It was masterminded by Rafael Eitan, the legendary spy whose chief claim to fame was the capture of Adolf Eichmann. After Pollard's arrest, Eitan and Aviem Sella, another of Pollard's handlers, received promotions. Blitzer rightly says that the Israelis bungled the case from almost every point of view. The agents involved fled, leaving Pollard himself to the wolves. When Pollard fled to the Israeli Embassy, he was turned away; no provision had been made for his escape (though Blitzer reports that Israel is now paying $5,000 a month into an account for Pollard, in case he is someday freed). The Israeli government repudiated the project, then showed clearly that it had had official support all along; the Israelis pledged to cooperate with the U.S. in undoing the damage, then lied, stonewalled, and evaded. They displayed contempt for the sensitivities of American Jews and for their American benefactors in general. And yet they pretty much got away with it: Secretary of State George Shultz virtually excused the whole thing in embarrassingly fulsome terms.

Blitzer thinks Israel was badly hurt by the Pollard affair, but it strikes me as a reverse Dreyfus case: much actual guilt and very little uproar. Blitzer asks whether there were other spies, but leaves the question unresolved. This ignores several other recent incidents of Israeli spying and technology smuggling here. The Pollard case can't be isolated from these.

Blitzer also touches on the sensitive question of "dual loyalty" among American Jews, but doesn't go into it deeply. Any discussion of the problem should take into account that Menachem Begin and Yitzhak Shamir, more boldly than their predecessors, have all but *demanded* dual loyalty of Diaspora Jews. Shamir thinks nothing of lecturing American Jews on their duties to Israel.

Still, it's a gripping story. Whatever Blitzer's shortcomings as an analyst, he is an excellent reporter. Few who start this book will fail to finish it. □

FILM

THREE NEW YORKS IS A CROWD

John Simon

NEW YORK STORIES comprises three short films about some aspects of New York life by three major moviemakers: Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. The extremely tenuous link is the locale, New York, somewhat arbitrarily assigned. The less obvious but more relevant connection is that none of them comes off, raising the question of whether the filmed short story—for that is what we are ultimately dealing with—works as a genre.

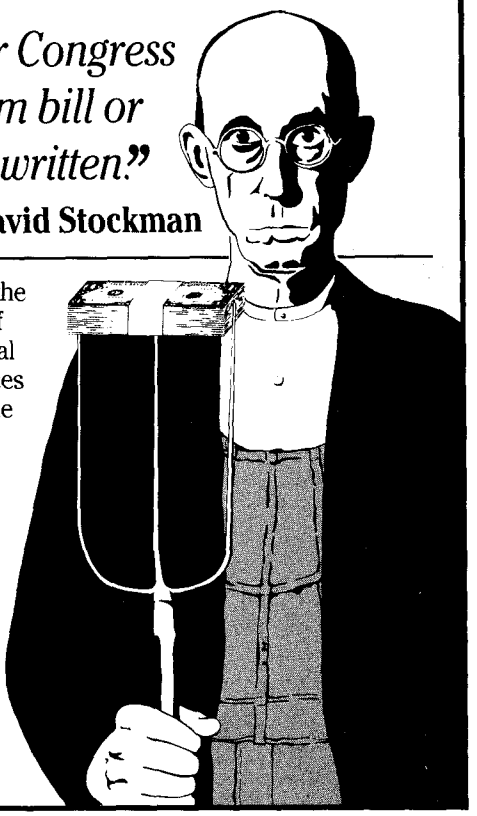
There was a time, during the Forties, when the short-story film had its flowering. Most successful, perhaps, was *Quartet* (1948), based on four stories by Somerset Maugham, followed, at intervals, by two more Maugham omnibuses. Though there was no connecting link other than the common authorship, there were homogenizing elements: magnificent British character actors and such formidable screenwriters as R. C. Sherriff, Noel Langley, T. E. B. Clarke, Arthur Macrae, and Willie himself. The genre had its Hollywood counterpart, notably in a film such as *Tales of Manhattan* (1942—observe the similarity of title to *New York Stories*), where the connection was a suit of tails that went from owner to owner, ever lower on the social scale, until it ended on a scarecrow. Here, too, there was a fancy international cast of actors and writers (the latter included four Hungarians headed by Molnár himself), and the director was the famed Julien Duvivier.

The genre peaked with *Dead of Night* (1945), in which every macabre ghost story was cunningly connected to a central nightmare framework; again, a dazzling array of writers, directors, and actors was involved, and Michael Redgrave gave possibly his finest screen performance. As hour-long television dramas became the order of the day, the cinematic triptych or polyptych lost its uniqueness and died out. It popped up occasionally in such places as Italy and Japan, →

The High Cost of Farm Welfare

"Required reading for Congress before the next farm bill or budget resolution is written."

—David Stockman



Few people have been helped by the massive farm subsidy programs of the past 50 years, charges agricultural economist Clifton B. Luttrell. He traces the history of farm programs from the early price support schemes to the massive New Deal and postwar programs, then provides a comprehensive analysis of modern programs. Farm programs, he concludes, "tax the poor to enrich the wealthy." $19.95 cloth/$9.95 paper/149 pp. Available at bookstores or from:

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THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

H. L. MENCKEN, in his droll account of the 1917 rebellion against the President of Cuba, General Mario G. Menocal, accurately represented the American perception of Cuban political history as a series of comic episodes in an interminable *opéra bouffe*. One need not be a rabid anti-colonialist to regard his condescending view as grossly inaccurate. There exists no more refined specimen of Western civilization than Latin society in its highest form, and the tragedy of the Pearl of the Antilles is that, despite the vagaries of its political development, Cuba was, in many ways, such a society.

Néstor Carbonell is descended on both sides from the Cuban intellectual and political elite that labored against all odds to produce the constitution of 1940, a liberal (in the best sense of the word) document more enlightened perhaps than any comparable plan of government ever devised in Latin America. Under it, Cuba might well have enjoyed a political life commensurate with its social existence. Unfortunately, the first man elected president of the republic under the new plan was an intemperate, intransigent, and obstreperous army sergeant named Fulgencio Batista, who, in return for electoral support, rewarded the Cuban Communist Party by giving cabinet posts to two of its leaders. In the ensuing struggles, lasting 19 years, between the Communists and the Batista partisans, the principles of the 1940 constitution were trampled under foot; they were scraped up and formally buried on December 1, 1961, when Fidel Castro, Premier of Cuba, brought his famous speech to a climax with the assertion, "I am a Marxist-Leninist, and I will be one until the last days of my life." Forty-nine years after its adoption, the constitution remains a corpse awaiting resurrection, while the grandson of Dr. José Manuel Cortina, "Tribune of the Republic," continues to reside in the United States, to which he immigrated with his parents and grandparents in 1960 and where he currently works as a business executive with Pepsi International. His book *And the Russians Stayed: The Sovietization of Cuba* (Morrow, $22.95), further subtitled *A Personal Portrait by Néstor T. Carbonell*, is a most interesting and deeply moving account of a historical tragedy and its personal aspect.

And the Russians Stayed is not, however, pleasant reading for any sympathetic American. With the most exquisite tact, Carbonell nevertheless makes it plain that he and his fellow exiles remain unimpressed by Washington's diplomacy, which they regard as being, in respect of Cuba in particular and Latin America in general, an unmitigated botch. Immediately upon his arrival in Miami, Carbonell undertook an active role as a member of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, formed by the émigré community to fulfill the function, really, of a Cuban government-in-exile. Through his activities, he developed at first hand an acquaintance with the making of American foreign "policy," and, though he is too polite (as well as too genuinely grateful) to say so, he obviously found the experience depressing. What came as a shock to this Cuban national, however, will offer no surprise to realistically minded Americans who through the past sixty years have grown used to a government that has become progressively more concerned with public relations, to the point where appearances are merely the projection of fervent desires. Because the last thing Washington wanted was to have to fight for Cuba, the first thing it wanted to know was that there was nothing to fight against *in* Cuba; consequently, the misreading by Washington of the events occurring on that island between Castro's landing in 1956, with 81 supporters, on the southwestern coast of the province of Oriente, and Havana's support for the Sandinistas in the late Seventies and early Eighties has amounted almost to subconscious policy.

It isn't Carbonell's fault if even his considerable Latin tact is insufficient to cover a sense of the ineptitude that has increasingly plagued American diplomacy (and how much else?) since the early Fifties. And even tact cannot keep him from wondering why the most powerful nation in the world is unable to determine its own best interests abroad and to provide the strong and direct leadership necessary to advance those interests. Indeed, Carbonell encourages his readers to wonder whether the U.S. has got anything at all right these past decades or so. His account of the Bay of Pigs invasion —in which he participated—is truly shaming: the President of the United States, unwilling to accept criticism for aborting the assault, refused also to court international protest by supplying the task force with the jet air cover it required to succeed. (Was the New Frontier in truth more like the Last Hurrah?) A year and a half later, JFK was so elated by his "success" in "facing down" Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis that his Administration thought nothing of disavowing its support for the Revolutionary Council, lest its activities appear to contravene the President's no-invasion pledge to the Soviets.

YET FINALLY Carbonell is even-handed in assigning blame. In a moving conclusion, he describes the deaths in exile of his grandfathers and quotes approvingly Cortina's last remarks to him. "In just over fifty years," the old man said, "we were able to build a republic, which, despite its drawbacks and defects, was the envy of Latin America. But . . . we did not have the discipline and foresight to guard it against our own passions. And our ally, who for so many years prevented the domination of the island by a hostile power, ignored history, disregarded geography, and underestimated the Russian threat."

The author's paternal grandfather died just short of his ninetieth birthday, still hoping to spend his final days in a free Cuba. "When he was hospitalized in Florida . . . the return to his homeland became a burning obsession," the grandson writes. "In his hours of delirium . . . he thought he heard the call to arms and asked for his uniform—the same one he had worn during the war of independence. He died in bliss, clutching the flag in his epic dream." □

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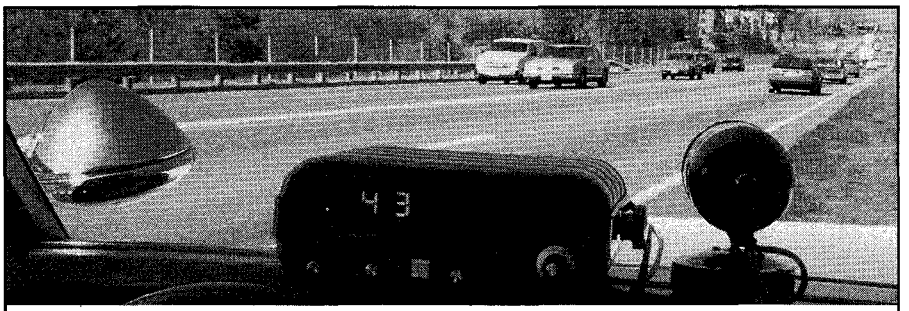
→ but fell into disuse in English until, suddenly, we have *New York Stories*.

Once again three leading filmmakers were involved, but though Woody Allen wrote his own script as usual, the other screenplays were by lesser eminences, and the casts for all three episodes could not match the roster for one in the three aforementioned classics of the genre. And the styles of the present three episodes are as vastly divergent as their plots, so that there is no unity of mood, which damagingly yields an uncumulative, fracturing effect.

The film begins with Martin Scorsese's "Life Lessons," which purports to be a candid look at the New York art scene, mostly downtown but also uptown. It was written by Richard Price, a rising young novelist but also the screenwriter, alas, for *The Color of Money*. Though Price remotely bases himself on Dostoyevsky and does get off the odd pungent line, he cannot make the story of a womanizing painter's obsession with a young woman—part disciple, part assistant, mostly mistress—very interesting or even very different. Lionel Dobie is a highly successful abstract artist who paints immense canvases in a frenzy of—I guess I'll have to call it creativity, though the stuff (executed by Chuck Connelly) strikes me as rubbish. Paulette, the young woman in question, has run off to Florida with a performance artist; Lionel has a show opening soon for which he is behind; he refuses to let his dealer see what he is doing—the usual near-clichés, out of which a more inspired writer might just barely have made something.

Paulette, whom the other guy has dumped, returns; she says she's leaving Lionel but he prevails upon her to stay on—platonically—in the little bedroom above the loft's main floor. Lionel prowls about and tries to get her to sleep with him, but is rejected. They go to an uptown art party where she makes him even more jealous. He looks at her latest paintings and condescendingly finds some improvement. (They are by Susan Hambleton, and considerably better than Dobie's daubs.) We go to a performance piece by aforesaid performance artist and there is more jealousy. Paulette phones her mother in the Midwest and gets permission to come home. More jealous scenes; Paulette gets her Marine brother to help her move out while Lionel paints and pouts with parallel fury. At his opening, Lionel meets another willing, pretty young woman who will clearly become Paulette's successor.

I go into the plot to show you the humdrumness of it. The point was to establish parallels between the painter's obsessions with his work and with his woman. Obsessiveness is the key, and Scorsese tries to direct the movie in an obsessive manner, in which he regrettably succeeds. Together with his splendid cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, he puts to use every trick known to the cinema: slow motion, extreme closeups, weird changes of camera angle, monochromatic shots in various colors, zoom shots galore, iris shots, jagged editing—you name it. An entire introductory course in filmmaking is deployed in speeded-up foreshortening. The idea is to create a sort of action filming equivalent to action painting.



Since radar displays only one number, the operator has the responsibility to decide which vehicle is being clocked.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

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How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Moving objects reflect these waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves. But there's a problem.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. And truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

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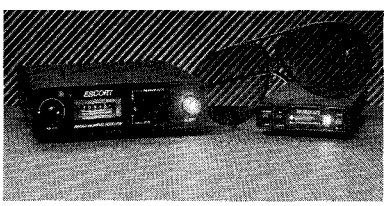

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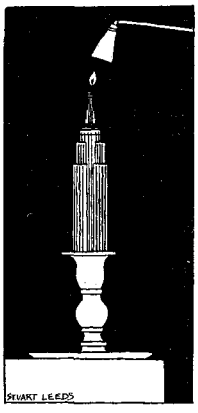
In his new book, *Double Vision*, the eminent Polish director Andrzej Wajda speaks of the need for "a sense of continuity on all levels." Scorsese offers a sense of discontinuity on all levels, and though it makes nominal sense, it does not work: there is no time to get involved with any aspect of the film, least of all with its characters. This is partly a problem of the short film itself; partly of the writing—all those clichés; partly of the restless directing, which gets on one's nerves; and partly of the acting.

Nick Nolte has learned to do quite a lot of things since his inauspicious cinematic beginnings, but he still cannot suggest much of an inner life—although to paint as this type of artist does, you probably don't need an inner life. He does, to be sure, read many of his lines in a whisper, which may be an earnest of his sensitivity. Even less satisfactory is Rosanna Arquette as Paulette. A young woman of no special talent or appeal, she has a certain ratlike aspect and suitably furtive demeanor, and seems dangerous when cornered. Given Nolte's huge, shaggy sheepdogginess, it looks as if our hero might eat her at any moment, especially when he stares at her bare foot as she lies on top of the blankets. He says he suddenly feels like kissing it, but the way she rushes it under the covers suggests that even she suspects him of something more incisive than mere osculation.

But "Life Lessons" is a masterpiece compared to Francis Coppola's segment, "Life without Zoe," which he co-scripted with Sofia, his 17-year-old daughter. This is the story of Zoe, the 12-year-old daughter of a great flute virtuoso and a globe-trotting beauty. Her parents are living apart and away; she leads the life of a super-rich quasi-orphan in the Sherry-Netherland, with all kinds of staff waiting on her hand and foot. She attends school fitfully; wears, like her chums, fabulous clothes (designed by Sofia herself); hobnobs with a teenage Arab prince—the richest kid in the world; retrieves a priceless earring that robbers, during a heist at the hotel, steal from her father's safe-deposit box; is trying to bring about her parents' reconciliation; etc., etc.

It is part Eloise at the Plaza, part *Arabian Nights*, kiddie version. Also part watered-down *Zazie dans le Métro*, and part imbecile. If Sofia, whose dream autobiography this obviously is, were 12 now, the thing might be understandable, though still not forgivable. But coming from two such 17-year-olds as Sofia and Francis, it is pitiful and a waste of the formidable Vittorio Storaro's cinematographic talents. The metropolis we see is a fantasy New York, out of Cole Porter songs and Jimmy Walker hagiographies, which would be fine if the writing had any wit, the direction any imagination, and the acting any distinction. Heather McComb, as Zoe, is a singularly graceless little girl (no doubt a dead ringer for Sofia), and poor Giancarlo Giannini, who was never any good at English, is as convincing as the great flautist father as a piccolo would be playing a bassoon. The part, in any event, has more mustache than substance.



As for Thalia Shire, Francis's sister, who plays the flibbertigibbety mother, she is just as out of it as Giannini, without even the excuse of not knowing English. Most notable among the rest is Carmine Coppola, Francis's father, who co-wrote the score with Kid Creole, and who had a bit part as a street flute player. The scene is shot so smirkingly as to give in-jokes a bad name. Typical of the humor is that the Arab prince's male bodyguards wear yashmaks, which is nonsense; but not all the time, which is nonsense compounded with inconsistency.

Woody Allen's contribution is "Oedipus Wrecks," about a Jewish lawyer, Sheldon (Allen), whose impending marriage to a non-Jewish girl (Mia Farrow) riles his mother: Mae Questel, as the ultimate image of endearing maternal monstrousness. When this trio attends a variety show, a magician who dematerializes Mother cannot bring her back. Her enlarged figure reappears in the sky above the city, regaling New Yorkers with intimate revelations about her son.

It is the supreme Jewish-man's nightmare, appropriately being told by Sheldon to his therapist. But once the joke is set up—well, except for mediocre special effects—it has nowhere to go. A short story could cut itself off at this point without any resolution; for a film to do this requires more guts than Allen, who specializes in gall, seems to have. So the movie waffles on to Sheldon's attempt to bring back (or down) his mother with the help of a nice Jewish spiritualist (Julie Kavner), and eventually lurches to a facile happy ending.

New York Stories does not vindicate—or revindicate—the short-story film; it manages, in fact, to be smaller than the sum of its inconsiderable parts. □

DELECTATIONS

A CONTEST AND A CAKE

Nika Hazelton

WELL FRIENDS, your incorruptible and inscrutable judges have deliberated on the results of the Great New Delectations Contest. They sat with pitiless, ruthless faces, scrutinizing the entries and making endless notes. "Not a sight for sore eyes," said a man who had entered the judges' chamber by mistake. (Needless to say, the chamber was locked from inside immediately after his departure.) After much consideration, it was decided to award one first prize and two second prizes. Since so many contestants qualified for the booby prize, the judges threw it overboard in disgust.

Before I announce the winners of the contest, I want to thank each contestant from the bottom of my heart for taking the time to enter. As before, I was delighted with the neatness of the entries. Thank you for making my work so easy, is all I can say.

Contestants were asked to write two answers to each of two questions: "What do I want most in this world?" and "What do I like least in this world?" They were told that "answers can be as whimsical as desired," and they were invited to reply in the voice of some famous person, actual or fictional.

I noticed that this year, the number of women contestants had increased appreciably. I am sorry to say, however, that both female and male con-

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testants took the questions far too seriously and poured out their honest ideas about how they would like to change things. (A surprising number of contestants hate rock 'n' roll. I do too, but when the noise gets too much, I either offer up to a favorite saint or console myself with the fact that this too, will pass.) I was also disappointed by how few contestants attributed their remarks to a famous person. I am sorry that thinking up entries was not as much fun as I hoped.

Well, the first prize is Bill Buckley's new book, which is all about *Firing Line*, the longest-running serious talk show on television. This prize goes to Robert J. Kordella, of Clairton, Pa. The next two prizes (handsome coffee mugs) go to Ezra Yarhi, of Berkeley, Calif., and to Samuel A. Nigro, MD, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Mr. Kordella answered the first question, "What do I want most in this world?" in the persons of Salman Rushie—"I would kill for the telephone number of Martin Scorsese's publicist" —and John Tower—"I'd walk a mile for the telephone number of Teddy Kennedy's publicist." His answers to "What do I like least in this world?" are unattributed; they go as follows: "The NPR version of any story, including the weather" and "The return of Angela Davis to the evening news." Bravo, Mr. Kordella!

Mr. Yarhi answered the first question in the person of the planet Neptune: "I want to be *Time* magazine's Planet of the Year/1989 very badly. The competition for being bestowed this honor is fierce. I don't even think I can wait until December." Dr. Nigro had Arthur Ochs Sulzberger say: "What I want most is news that fits, because only then can I print it." Answering the second question, Mr. Sulzberger says: "I like least NATIONAL REVIEW, because it prints news that does not fit."

Honorable mention goes to Joyce Pahlke, of Portland, Ore., for: "What do I want most in this world? I want things to go the way I want them to." and "What do I like least in this world? They don't!" Ed Boyle, of Pleasant Valley, N.Y., also is mentioned honorably for his entry: to both questions, he says, "Captain Ahab's response was 'Moby Dick.'" And finally, Thomas J. Avenia, of Torrington, Conn., has two simple answers to what he wants most, namely "My cake" and "Eat it too."

IN HONOR OF Mr. Avenia, and in memory of Jim Beard, I would like to give my readers the absolutely best chocolate cake in the world. Here goes, for 8 to 10 servings of irresistible noshing:

Cake Batter:
Scant ½ cup raisins
Scant ½ cup Scotch whisky
9 ounces semisweet chocolate
5 tablespoons water
5 ounces butter
4 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup finely ground almonds
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons flour
One pinch salt

Butter lightly and flour the bottom and sides of a round 9-inch cake pan with 2-inch-high sides. In a covered bowl, soak the raisins in the Scotch for 3 hours minimum. Pre-heat the oven to 350° F. Melt the chocolate with the water in a heavy-bottomed saucepan, set over medium-low heat; stir until smooth. Remove from the heat, add the butter in chunks, and beat until well incorporated. Set aside to cool at room temperature.

With an electric mixer set at high speed, beat the egg yolks with the sugar for about 3 minutes or until stiff. Gradually fold in the melted and cooled chocolate, followed by the finely ground almonds and the flour, beating well after each addition. Add the soaked raisins and remaining Scotch.

In another bowl, beat the egg whites until foamy. Add the salt and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Fold the beaten whites into the chocolate batter, and pour into the prepared cake pan. Bake in the pre-heated oven for 30 minutes, or until a cake tester inserted in the center of the cake comes out clean. Turn out onto a rack to cool.

Glaze:
½ pound semisweet chocolate
¾ cup sour cream

Melt the chocolate in a heavy-bottomed saucepan set over low heat. Stir in the sour cream and cool.

To assemble the cake, spread the bottom and sides with the glaze. Chill for 30 minutes before serving. □

THE GIMLET EYE

WHY WE ARE FUNNY

D. Keith Mano

STOP ME if you've heard this one. A decade ago the urban cabaret proprietor realized he could provide cheap, attractive entertainment—no sets, no music, small cast—just by booking three or four stand-up comedians. And so was born that newest and most seductive leftist Agitprop outlet: the comedy club. About young comedians this much can be said with assurance: They're bright, they'll work for horse dandruff, and a funny thing happened on their way to the club—they all found liberalism. For each Chappaquiddick joke you'll hear, oh, five dozen about Republican malfeasance. That which has been made fun of can more easily be destroyed. Laughter—even laughter drawn from a reluctant audience—implies assent. Given enough time it can demoralize. No one likes to be associated with an absurdity.

I hit the New York club circuit last month. There is no more vivid index of a public figure's popular image than his status as useful laughingstock. Mid 1989 the joke meter stood so:

Ronald Reagan: doddery and inept, of course, but not malicious. ("Listen, he got shot and didn't even know it.")

George Bush: still tough to zero in on. ("For an imitation of Bush you need John Wayne's speech pattern and Liberace's voice.")

Barbara Bush: has disarmed everyone. ("She's so self-deprecating you

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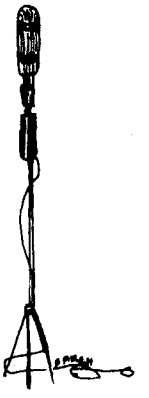
can't make fun of her. I want to say, 'Hey, you're not *that* bad.' ")

Dan Quayle: invaluable as a flak-catcher for Bush. ("Quayle: in emergencies he can be used as a flotation device.")

Mike Dukakis: thrown to the barracuda pack. ("Maybe Fred the Furrier will buy his eyebrows.")

In this era topical comedy is also a telling indicator of left-wing strategies to come. After all, both comedian and campaign manager proceed alike: they manipulate uncomplex premises that are open to elegant reversal or apt exaggeration. The comic, in effect, is floating a hypothetical leftist platform for laugh approval. And by that gauge our environment ranks first. ("Medical waste: I saw a dead doctor on the beach. And wait till that psychiatric waste comes in—couches all over.") The deficit is second. ("We could save money by not printing wanted posters—just put the crooks' faces on stamps.") Then pro-life people. ("Life is sacred, they say—so we have to blow you up.") Homelessness, interestingly enough, doesn't arouse the expected compassion. Or wit. ("No wonder we've got homelessness. It says on the Statue of Liberty, 'Send us the wretched refuse.' Take that damn sign down.")



The modern stand-up comedian's liberalism shouldn't astonish anyone. He is himself a sentimental leftist conceit: the Little Prole, innocent and common-sensical, for whom manholes have been left open everywhere by some arrogant multinational corporation. He is meant to represent us at our best, powerless yet shrewd, doing a long double-take when confronted with human hypocrisy. This has been, more or less, the standard model since Aristophanes put Dikaiopolis in his *Acharnians*. And it is particularly American—laconic Yankee humor, Chaplin, Twain on Fenimore Cooper, H. L. Mencken, whatever. Hypocrisy and destructive behavior are seen as being not so much evil as stupid and overcomplicated. Unfortunately, despite his suffering and wisdom, Little Prole can never afford to attain happiness—because happiness lacks both conflict and comic tension. A perfect court will have no jester in it.

The reality, however, is quite something else again. Complication, for one, has become an unavoidable fact of modern existence. The truth might make you free—but it is more likely to turn you into a specialist. The comedian, who generalizes by trade, will more often distort truth than uncover it. Second, the comic tends to be bitter and disillusioned, not at all that cheerful naïf. He is cynical, in particular, about family life. Sure, father and mother controlled a powerful small establishment and are, therefore, liable to satire—but that satire is often incredibly vicious. It has attained brazen perfection with Eddie Murphy's foul take-off on his alcoholic father. Even in childhood the comic felt he knew isolation and prejudice: his humor is an outsider's response to some unwelcoming environment.

But why are we—we conservatives—so funny? It isn't hard to understand why we've been the butt of wit for so long: conservatives are perceived as rich, powerful, an establishment that persecutes Little Prole: Elmer Fudd, in fact, stalking the liberal, compassionate wabbit. Moreover, conservatives can take it—unlike, say, black women or paraplegic men, humor at whose expense is thought to be uncivil. But why are the most amusing jokes about us? George Bernard Shaw, I believe, once called *Coriolanus* a comedy—because characters in that play never change. Miser, fool, hypochondriac: the stock comic figure is one that can be defined by a single trait. Those very qualities that ennoble conservatism—religious faith, respect for tradition, consistent behavior—make us vulnerable to burlesque as well. In the liberal formulation, we do not "grow."

Liberals, by contrast, present a moving target. They shift with the Zeitgeist breeze. Relativism, as a concept, is too subtle for ridicule. Furthermore, because they favor emotion over reason, the liberal essence is less well defined: and definitions are critical for parody. The conservative is known to honor tradition. That tradition also supplies a shared reference crucial in any interchange between comedian and audience. The new thing may be bizarre or surprising, but predictable response is much more important for comic reversal or hyperbole. Add to this characteristics associated with the old—stuffiness, paranoia, decrepitude—and you have an exquisite fall guy. It is our "knownness" that has made being conservative difficult. Imagine, if you will, some snide wit delivering this one-liner: "Hey, listen, those fun people at NATIONAL REVIEW—they stand athwart history, yelling Stop!" Pause for laughter. That is our creed. In the wrong context it is also a penetrating joke. □

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JOHN ROCHE:

Bobby Was a Bust

[Bobby] believed LBJ was a crude bastard, and Johnson thought he was a demonic conspirator. To some extent they were both right, but if one assesses the legacies left by the two men, Kennedy's is mythic, not substantive. May he rest in peace.

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WRIGHT SHOULD QUIT

NEW YORK, MAY 15

A PROFESSOR OF American history writes to ask with exasperation, "Why doesn't Jim Wright quit? On top of everything else, he's third in line for the Presidency." His failure to step down suggests an insensitivity that Wright-watchers noticed way before he began to refashion the book business in order to beat the expenditure rules of the House over which he presides.

It was many years ago, early in Reagan's Presidency, and Jim Wright appeared on the *Today* show. I hadn't ever before seen a picture of him, and as he flashed on the screen with that avuncular smile and whitish hair I thought, truly this man must be in heavy demand every Christmas to play Santa Claus. So Bryant Gumbel asked the question, "Congressman Wright, how do you account for President Reagan's veto of the supplementary appropriations bill yesterday?" I looked up from my exercise bike to get the political reading of Mr. Reagan's motives from the Democratic majority leader. Jim Wright turned and smiled at Gumbel as though to answer a child's question ("Why do hot dogs cost money, Mummy?"). Mr. Wright explained it all, with a benign, fatalistic smile: "Dohne you unnerstan, Brann, President Reagan's declaired wah on students, ole folks, and cripples." I could only think that at least Congressman Wright had given us a satisfactory explanation for the sharp rise in our defense expenditures.

But that was the man who would a few years later be selected to succeed Tip O'Neill (who, at his best, could be just as bad). Granted, there was some relief when Wright was elected majority leader (stepping-stone to the Speakership) since his closest opponent (Wright beat him by only a single vote) was the late Congressman Phillip Burton of California, from whose speeches one sometimes had difficulty in answering the question whether he was voting the interests of his constituency, or those of Leonid Brezhnev, even as we have the same difficulty today, surveying the activity of Congressman Ron Dellums, Burton's neighbor in Berkeley. But any politician who that early in the morning explains to ten million people the veto by the President of an inflationary money bill by announcing that it was merely another skirmish in the war Mr. Reagan had declared against students, old folks, and cripples should have stayed in bed.

But it isn't analytical simplemindedness that finally got Mr. Wright into trouble. And there are those who say that one cannot attribute simplemindedness to anyone who could devise such intricate arrangements as Mr. Wright was able to conclude, for instance, with his "publisher." The fact of it is that a committee, deeply inquiring into his affairs, decided unanimously that a formal hearing will be necessary on 69 of his alleged violations of the rules of the House of Representatives.

Now we may be talking about rules that ought never to have been made (is it really in the national interest to limit a congressman's campaign expenditures?). And there is not much there, that the eye can readily spot, that would escort Jim Wright from the Speakership to the local jail. But whatever the legal evolution of the case, we have here, surely, a classical situation that calls for a person holding a particular office to—step down.

It is instructive to compare British and American attitudes on the question of resignation. Here the habit has developed of holding on to a public office until, as with Sewell Avery, president of Montgomery Ward, the FBI comes in and lifts you out of your office while you continue sitting in your chair. A case can be made, as with Richard Nixon, that to pull out too early from the Presidency would be to destabilize the office. But the Speakership is not the Presidency; nor is a Cabinet officer the President, and the resignation in recent years of a Cabinet officer to document his disagreement with executive policy is all too rare. Cyrus Vance was a notable exception, resigning as Secretary of State for Jimmy Carter when the Carter Escadrille was dispatched to take over Iran with six helicopters in 1980. If resignations took place more often, it would diminish the presumption that only the guilty resign.

In the case of Mr. Wright it is certainly true that he would be resigning under fire. But the fire aimed at him has in fact mortally wounded him and he cannot be an effective Speaker to the extent that effectiveness is measured by disinterestedness. He will be observed as motivated entirely by his desire to survive. The day will almost surely come for him which came for Mr. Nixon, when three stalwarts from his own party arrived late one afternoon to tell him that his political support had terminally eroded . . . Mr. Wright should save himself that humiliation, and the United States those pains. □

GORBACHEV AND THE RIGHT

NEW YORK, MAY 3

THE BLURT BY Secretary of Defense Cheney reminds us once again of the tensions between diplomacy and analysis. He was asked whether he thought the reforms of Mr. Gorbachev would take, to which he answered, No, I do not think they will. He was then asked whether that would mean an end to Mr. Gorbachev's reign, and he answered, Yes, I think it will. To which stretch of cool analysis the White House responded with feverish dissociations. If Lyndon Johnson had been President, Cheney would have been fired or otherwise humiliated. Mr. Bush is a calmer and more philosophical man, but the incident calls to mind a theme running through the mills of journalistic criticism.

It is that longtime anti-Communists do not wish Gorbachev to succeed. Martin Schram, a commentator for CNN, has it all figured out. The longtime anti-Communists—he mentioned specifically Jeane Kirkpatrick and Patrick Buchanan—can't wait for Gorbachev to fail so that they can get back to the only kind of foreign policy they truly enjoy: hating the Soviet Union.

Now Jeane Kirkpatrick is my sister, and Pat Buchanan my brother, and if I have ever differed from their foreign-policy analyses it can only have been in a moment of aberration. Accordingly I relay my thinking on the point of Gorbachev, confident that it is no different from their own. It is this: The objective chances of Gorbachev's accomplishing what he ostensibly wishes to accomplish (peace and prosperity) are slight.

Why should this surprise anyone? For seventy years the Soviet productive plant has been emasculated by the superordination of political decisions over economic decisions. When Comrade Ulanov is placed in charge of a shoe factory because he is a

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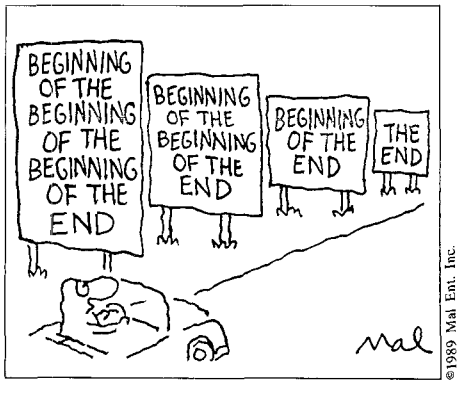
ranking member of the local Communist Party, not because he has earned his way up the commercial hierarchy, Soviet shoe production is off to a bad start. When Comrade Ulanov is then told how many people he must employ, irrespective of whether he needs that many people, or can do with that few people, Soviet shoe production gets hit again. And then the order goes out, issuing from some alien ministry in Moscow, that the shoes are to sell for 17 rubles. Comrade Ulanov is in despair trying to square all those circles.

Now Mr. Gorbachev hasn't repealed these accretions of state socialism. To do so would pit him against every Comrade Ulanov who clings to his position of authority. Besides which, the market needs a little time to extrude three generations of compacted sclerosis, and even if Adam Smith were in charge of the Soviet Union beginning tomorrow, we could not expect a trebling in the shoe production of the country for, well, a while. It is true that agricultural production in China was trebled, but that was a relatively easy operation: taking an acre of land, turning to the farmer, and saying: Anything you grow on it you can sell for whatever price you can fetch for it. Industrial production doesn't work on tiny little individually owned acres.

And then there is the matter of the soul of the Soviet Union (absolutely distinct from the soul of Russia). It is one thing to criticize, as Gorbachev has done, the excesses of his predecessors. But the line of criticism stops abruptly at Lenin's tomb. Without Lenin, there is simply no justification for seventy years of Soviet life. Imagine a reformist Pope who questions the authenticity of the Bible, and you have some idea of the philosophical and indeed spiritual problems that Gorbachev faces. He cannot deny the credenda of the Soviet state without denying at the same time his own legitimacy.

Now all of the above is generous to Gorbachev, as we cold-warriors tend to be, to a point perhaps a little unguarded. It assumes, for instance, that Gorbachev wants the free market notwithstanding his reiterated professions of faith in socialism. It assumes that he has no further interest in expansionism notwithstanding his continuing subsidies to, well, Fidel Castro. We are currently engaged in selling our wheat to the Soviet Union at a discount, which will make it possible for the Soviet Union to continue to send dollar-value supplies to Cuba, which can continue to subsidize revolution in Central America. In other words, it is entirely possible that Gorbachev, while acting in response to hard realistic pressures, is doing so against his own will. It is entirely possible that he wishes to re-energize the Soviet Union the better to pursue his cold war against humanity.

There now, isn't that a reasonable reading of history, as of the mind of the realists? I belong to only one political committee, into which I was inducted in Hawaii many years ago. It is called the Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet. That's all we're doing. □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THE COURT AND ABORTION

NEW YORK, MAY 1

THE SUBTLE PROBING done by the Justices of the Supreme Court on the question of abortion exposed the tactics of both sides—and the difficulties of both sides.

The Choice people are saying this: that if the Supreme Court abridges the right to abort, it is saying in effect that Americans do not have the right to use modern birth-control paraphernalia. The decision in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* (1965) overturned laws against the sale of birth-control instruments of a rudimentary nature, namely condoms and diaphragms. The Choicers now say that to the extent that *Griswold* rules that a state may not interfere in the means by which couples govern the question of whether in sexual intercourse they will procreate a child, then that decision—in the modern world—must be understood as permitting not merely physical barriers to impregnation, but also abortifacients. That is, those paraphernalia which move in on an egg even after it is fertilized, bringing about its death. The "pill" does this, by common medical understanding; as does the IUD and, *a fortiori*, RU 486, the French drug which aborts the fertilized egg after the first menstrual period is missed. I.e., brings on the death of the egg after it is several weeks along in development.

So, Messrs. and Madame Justice: Do you really want to authorize the Missouri law, which would have the effect of depriving copulators of the right to choose their own form of birth control? That question appeared to give Justice Sandra O'Connor pause.

But then the Lifers moved in on the abstract point and said: Look, even the *Roe* decision makes distinctions. It distinguishes, for instance, between the first, the second, and the third trimesters. If it is possible to make a distinction along these lines, then it is possible to make a distinction along an earlier line. It is, accordingly, one thing to forbid an IUD or a pill; quite another thing to forbid an abortion having weighed, as the Missouri law does, the question of the fetus's viability. In other words, unless you acknowledge that a line of some sort can be drawn, then theoretically if you allow the use of an IUD you are committed to allowing the slaughter of a fetus one day before it would otherwise come to term.

This comes about as close as one can come to saying that there is a "fundamental right" to infanticide, unless one can find someone who can argue with philosophical plausibility that to kill a physiological package minus one day old on the calendar is substantially different—infinitely different—from killing what we know of as a one-day-old baby.

Now Justice Scalia was alert to the informal use of the argument based on "fundamental rights." How can you assert the "fundamental right" of the mother to destroy the fetus unless you first make a fundamental finding that the fetus is not a human being, and therefore entitled to the protections of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments? And if that question needs to be answered, who is to give the answer?

The Choicers replied that the answer cannot be given save by the individual in whose womb the fetus resides. Why? Because there are too many varied positions on the question, and although science can establish something called viability, it cannot establish whether a fetus is a "human being." But, one Justice asks, where does the Constitution imply that such a finding is outside the power of the state? If public policy needs to be made with reference to whether Object X is a human being or not a human being, how can it be made save by first making a public finding by which human beings are so designated?

What about an old man, comatose? Isn't it the responsibility of the state to declare that he is—or is not—a human being?

What it comes down to is the distinction between common responsibilities and individual responsibilities. The Missouri Compromise, and to an extent the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, asserted that it was a corporate responsibility of the state to allow or not to allow slave-owning. Nobody, even in those relatively dark days, asserted the right of the individual to decide for himself whether to own a slave—because all the world acknowledged the existence of the other party. The—slave. And the argument today hangs on just such a question: Is there another party?

The unborn, but viable, human being? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Hard, short rain (colloq.) — 184 74 43 159 181 94 9 28 106 57 / 110

B. Like a certain geometric plane — 130 182 146 24 42 151 95 175 53 5

C. Member of a "strange" society (2 words) — 177 92 71 96 13 145 163 47 103

D. Disgust — 119 17 79 124 171 193 49 31 87

E. Visitors' quarters (2 words) — 64 178 148 38 107 56 73 1 141 152

F. Quilt stuffing (2 words) — 189 111 161 142 153 48 27 72 101

G. Special prosecutor's activity in old Salem — 45 104 3 18 185 128 86 156 198

H. To the point — 155 195 32 133 138 70 12 108

I. Angry group seeking instant justice (2 words) — 180 99 125 139 46 26 66 81

J. Restricted — 113 36 129 62 201 19 167

K. Damon's friend — 85 122 21 52 137 168 179

L. Incredibly — 172 2 158 83 60 33 91 117 78 112 / 98 15

M. Snacked — 150 120 65 147 22 116 50

N. With keen attention — 144 169 105 37 131 54 8 67

O. Commander, informally — 93 194 149 39 123 80 16

P. He wrote of Tess — 90 164 176 69 23

Q. Legends — 154 192 121 188 30

R. Tommyrot — 118 160 34 51 200 127 77

S. Elusive Passage — 134 196 6 97 136 58 44 115 29

T. Much-used pronoun — 55 199 183 89

U. Ledger entries — 173 82 190 11 186 68

V. A first is highly prized — 162 61 126 35 4 191 84

W. America or Quarter — 75 140 132 174 20

X. Garbed — 157 187 10 59 109 40 76

Y. Reaction to a dull speech — 165 100 197 25

Z. Type style for the privileged? — 166 14 88 135 114

a. Shot from the sky — 170 41 143 63 7 102

1 E	2 L	3 G	4 V	5 B		6 S	7 a	8 N	9 A	10 X	11 U	12 H	13 C	14 Z	15 L		16 O	17 D	18 G	19 J	20 W
21 K	22 M	23 P		24 B	25 Y		26 I	27 F	28 A	29 S		30 Q	31 D	32 H	33 L	34 R	35 V	36 J	37 N	38 E	
39 O	40 X	41 a	42 B	43 A	44 S		45 G	46 I	47 C		48 F	49 D	50 M		51 R	52 K	53 B	54 N		55 T	56 E
57 A		58 S	59 X	60 L	61 V	62 J	63 a	64 E		65 M	66 I	67 N	68 U		69 P	70 H	71 C		72 F	73 E	74 A
75 W	76 X		77 R	78 L	79 D	80 O		81 I	82 U	83 L	84 V		85 K	86 G	87 D	88 Z	89 T	90 P	91 L	92 C	
93 O	94 A	95 B	96 C	97 S	98 L	99 I		100Y	101F	102a		103C	104G	105N	106A		107E	108H	109X	110A	111F
112L	113J	114Z		115S	116M	117L	118R	119D	120M	121Q	122K		123O	124D	125I	126V	127R	128G	129J	130B	131N
132W		133H	134S		135Z	136S	137K	138H		139I	140W	141E	142F		143a	144N	145C	146B		147M	148E
	149O	150M	151B	152E	153F	154Q	155H	156G	157X	158L	159A	160R		161F	162V	163C	164P	165Y	166Z	167J	
168K	169N	170a		171D	172L	173U	174W	175B	176P	177C	178E	179K	180I	181A		182B	183T	184A	185G	186U	
187X	188Q	189F		190U	191V	192Q	193D		194O	195H	196S	197Y		198G	199T	200R	201J				

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 52 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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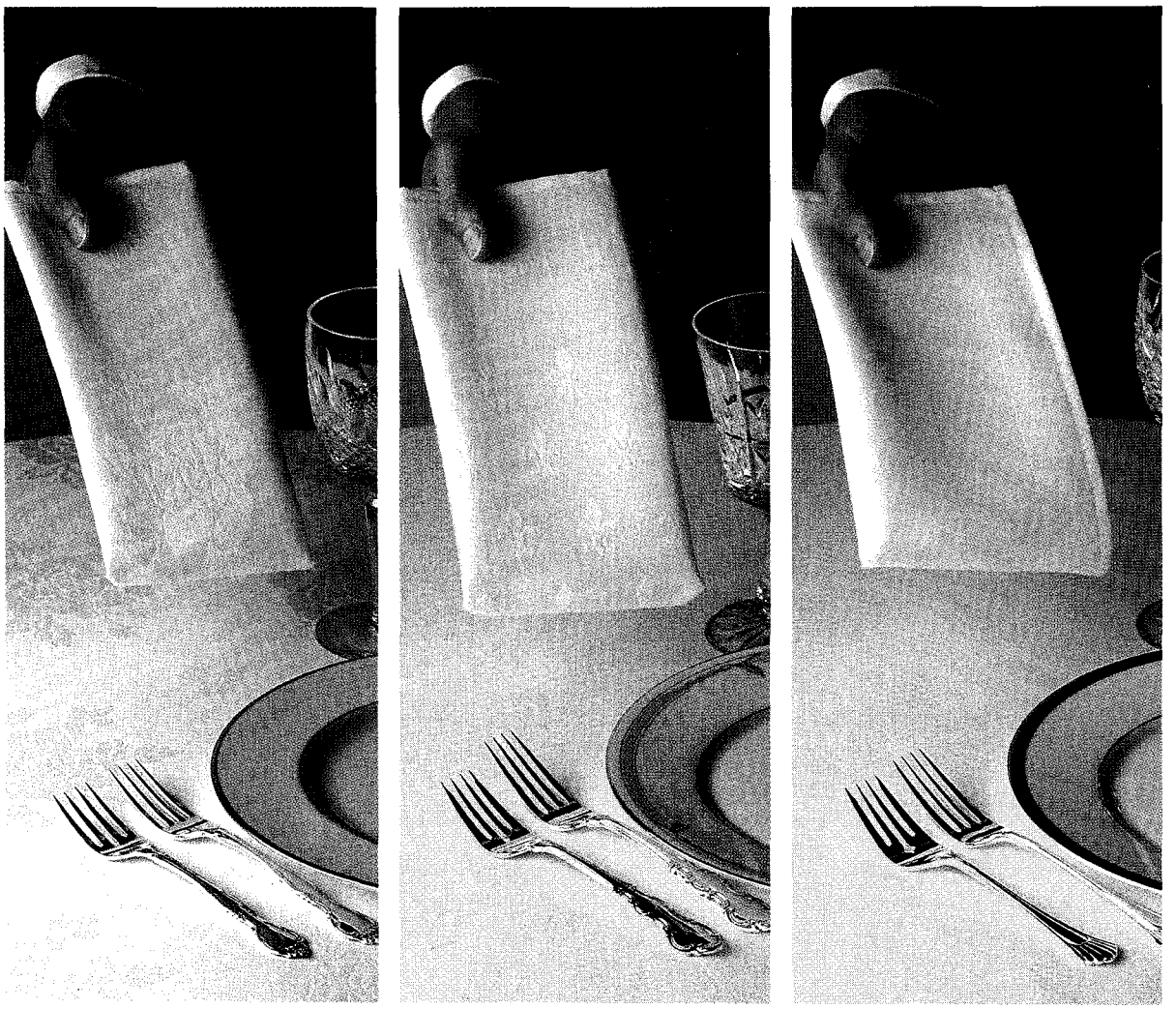

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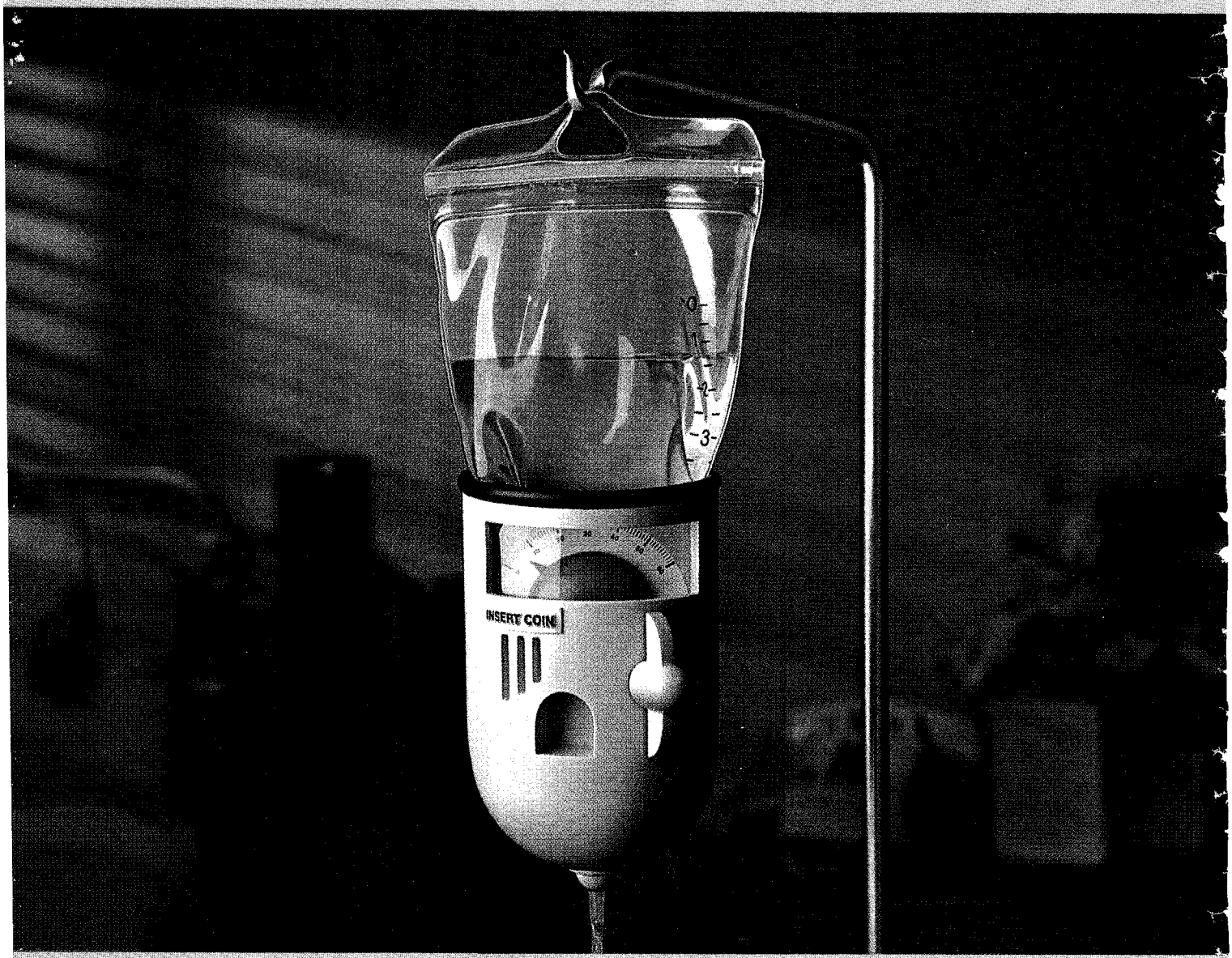
IS THIS NEXT?



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